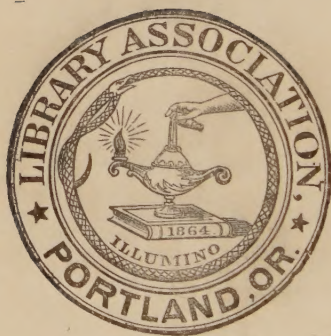


HALF WAY to NOON



CARL G.
DONEY



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GOD ANSWERS PRAYER

Half Way to Noon

AND OTHER CHAPEL TALKS

By

CARL G. DONEY

President of Willamette University



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To
MY BOYS AND GIRLS, MANY OF WHOM HAVE CHILDREN
OF THEIR OWN, I DEDICATE ANEW THESE MES-
SAGES; AND TO OTHER BOYS AND GIRLS WHO
SEEK THE ASSEMBLED ADVANTAGES OF A
COLLEGE, I SEND THEM AS FRIENDLY
WORDS OF COURAGE AND
GOOD CHEER

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FOREWORD

THESE short addresses were delivered in the chapel services before the faculty and students of Willamette University. They were reproduced in shorthand and typed by Miss Hulda Hagman, a student, to whom I am greatly indebted. Some corrections have been made, but they still bear the marks of extemporaneousness and of informality.

The time available for an address did not permit the development of a theme, but ideas were suggested which, it was hoped, would stimulate the hearers to give further consideration to them. Any connection between the addresses is discoverable only in the unity of those interests which concern young people, particularly those who are in high school and college.

The procession of students who have listened to me for more than twenty years has been amazingly kind, contradicting the popularized notion that chapel is a survival

FOREWORD

of the thumbscrew. Chapel services are a bond and an atmosphere; they leave a deposit in thought and spirit which is not unlike that of the family, the center of best and tenderest memories.

Salem, Oregon. CARL GREGG DONEY.

HALF WAY TO NOON

IT is nine o'clock in the morning for you young men and women, half way to noon. Your average age is twenty years. Yet you begin to feel old and to wonder if the cup of life contains much that has not already been tasted. You are in a hurry to enter the mêlée lest the fight be ended before you have sharpened your sword.

It is well to be in a hurry—in a judicious, sensible hurry. It is folly to be fretfully eager. Impatience which blurs one's perspective is destructive. Men were kept for months in the French training camps at a time when the fighting ranks were in desperate need. Experience dictated the program and experience has approved it. But to be in a hurry in the sense that you quickly spring from a completed task to the next is a secret worth knowing.

If I tell you how glorious it is to be young, it will be to repeat the commonplace. But I

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am no more afraid of the commonplace than of the eccentric and novel. Ninety-eight per cent of our thinking and doing is commonplace; it is what gives substance and continuity and identity to life. It is possible that the unusual may so attract as to make us indifferent to the ordinary and accustomed; therefore I want to recall the marvels of life when the day begins.

In reality you are still near to the sunrise. Heretofore you have been half awake to life. Children are full of life, but they are not yet in it or of it. The morning for them is of the dim, dubious light revealed by Cimabue and Giotto in their early art. College men are in the fuller blaze of conscious, reflective experience. The heat of seriousness is beginning to sting them. It is nine o'clock, half way to noon, and they are getting into the swing of things. They are tasting the thrill of achievement; the tide of power is rising within them, and their eyes glow with the light of conquest.

Thoreau asked his wood-cutter friend if he was not sometimes tired at night and the man answered, "Gorrapit, I never was tired

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in my life." And he liked the world well enough not to want to change it. Such a man will never grow old because his machinery is simple: he has a mechanism which needs only food and exercise. Normal youth is filled with levers, slides and cams, pinions, escape-ments and springs—a very bedevilment of intricacies, pushed by forces ready to blow the world into pieces.

And the world does not please him. He likes it as a temporary expedient, but he is eager to set it going more perfectly. He can demonstrate that war and poverty and social discord are sheer asininity, and what the people need is a leader to tell them how to stop them. Older persons smile indulgently, as older persons have always smiled since time began. It is but nine o'clock in the morning for the younger generation, and from the edge of the waving fields they see no rocks or gullies, no briars or tangled underbrush.

It is this confidence, enthusiasm, and expectation which save the race. It is the clear streams of youth pouring into the limpid waters of age which keep them from stag-

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nation. Courage calls to conservatism to get out of the way. The young man goes in where angels are afraid and does the impossible.

A justifiable confidence in oneself is wealth of all kinds; it is a bank account against the future. The puling self-distrust of Uriah Heep is used to chink up crevices; it never does anything itself. A sense of power is akin to faith, and faith casts mountains into the sea. Youth has not been whipped and humiliated and deceived: it still believes in itself. Until a man loses that faith he is a king; he chooses his subjects and they obey him.

Confidence is not conceit. Conceit is a falsehood, a self-created deception which betrays no one but its creator. Conceit is the pasteboard armor of a Sancho Panza. It is a tin horn whose sound is siren's music to the blower and maddening noise to all others. Do not blow your own horn; do not have a horn. What you are and what you do will speak in a voice that goes as far as ability will carry you. If you insist on going fur-

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ther, the ironies of justice will mock at your calamities.

Youth abounds in blessed ignorance. You do not know what you cannot do; and for this you should be thankful. Neither does anyone else know what you cannot do; therefore let no one define your Ultima Thule. Young men make the best soldiers because they are ignorant of hunger and wounds, defeat and death. You do not know the full burden of responsibility for a home and family, a business or profession. Your confidence has not been betrayed and you still have faith in the overmastering goodness of the world. You have not suffered the loss of wife or child. Friends have not gone, leaving you like a lonely pine in a fast-falling forest. You have not experienced the weight of years and the departure of unrecoverable strength. And you have not learned that much of what you know is not so. Consequently, youth is rich in its ignorance.

The half-way mark to noon does not find one carrying a burden of regrets. You have not lived long enough to make as many mis-

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takes as older persons have. Your capital has not been wasted in unprofitable investments. You abound in wealth undiminished and still to be put out at interest, a high rate if you will. You still have an infinite capacity for joy, which can be retained until the set of sun. Eyes you have that are just opening to see a beautiful world and the beauty of men who dwell therein. Renan had eyes that saw not and he cried, "O God, if there is a God, when will it be worth while to live?" The eyes of Coleridge looked upon the same world and race and he exclaimed, "O God, how glorious it is to live!"

You are on the line, ready to move into the great adventure. Your feet are not leaden and your spirits challenge the blithe audacity of Shelley's lark. I thrill unutterably at the thought of what awaits you. It is for you students taking up the book, the microscope, the test tube, the scalpel, and the telescope to behold the world as it was and is and is to be; to send your minds to the uttermost parts in time and space; to hear the eloquence of Demosthenes and to sit at the feet

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of Socrates; to recount the glory of Babylon, of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome; to march with the armies of Cæsar, join the campaigns of Napoleon, sit in the councils of Vienna, Geneva, Paris, and Versailles. You are to witness the rise of right and the slow defeat of wrong; to see superstitions and negations give place to light and liberty; to hear the tread of men moving to freedom; to follow the weary way of women and children from neglect and cruelty into emancipation; to look upon saints and martyrs and the church leading up a shining path. You are to know the stars, the clouds, and the glowing sun; to view the insects, the flowers, the crystals of snow and rock; to tear substances apart and reunite them; to wrest secrets from nature and use her forces as messengers and untiring slaves; to discover and invent and contrive; to diagnose disease, alleviate and heal; to water desert places, plant grains and fruit and vine. You are to talk to Dante and Shakespeare; to visit the Pyramids, the Taj Mahal, and Saint Peter's; to see the Jungfrau, Niagara, and the Grand Canyon; to

HALF WAY TO NOON

paint with Raphael, Rembrandt, Titian, Millet; to hear Handel, Mozart, Bach, Beethoven; to stand with Angelo as he chisels a Moses, with Praxiteles before Apollo and with the unknown creator of the Venus de Milo.

You are to found homes, live in communities and be citizens of the commonwealth; to love truth and justice and right; to hear the cry of distress, the plea of honor, the agony of wrong; to espouse virtue, strengthen peace, remove discord and defend the cause of humanity; to labor honestly, eat bread that is earned, give to the poor, help the unfortunate; you are to live the life of a child of God, a member of the universal brotherhood and citizen of the millennial commonwealth.

You are set out upon the great adventure to live your life, to march to the sound of the drum you hear, to do the work you seek, to take the reward you earn; to laugh and weep, to shout and sing and to be silent. To be young is the best and the most dangerous gift of life. I call to you from a generation

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in advance, I reach my hand across the years; nay, more truly, I am sent back to be your companion on the march. Let us take the road that goes upward.

ERSATZ EDUCATION

DURING the World War Germany showed astonishing ingenuity in contriving a vast series of substitutes. Necessity became the prolific mother of inventions and expedients. The German clothed himself from foot to head with what was neither leather, wool, nor felt; and he had a dinner from soup to nuts composed of something that little resembled food. It was the era of *ersatz*, of substitution, of serious make-believe; and it is to their credit that the Germans did so well with what they had. But they were obliged to do that or have nothing. If a man did not want grease for butter, he had the high alternative of doing without butter; and if he disdained paper linen, he could go shirtless.

Some of the substitutes were rather satisfactory. The paper collar was not bad and potato flour makes wholesome bread, but substitution can be carried too far; and there are some things for which there are no sub-

ERSATZ EDUCATION

stitutes. An egg is an egg or it is not, and milk cannot be made out of corn starch.

Ingenuity is well and a college student should have it, but it is fatal when he is seized with the idea that he can contrive an *ersatz* education as good as the genuine thing. Some collegians are marvelously skilled in devising ingenious substitutes, but unhappily they go to pieces in the first rain. A pastor once asked why he was never promoted. I knew that his college education was *ersatz*, and we were intimate enough to permit me to tell him so. It was suggested that he should get some good books, burn much midnight oil, never talk without saying something, say it, and then stop. In two years he was able to free himself from most of the *ersatz* and had acquired enough of a real education to justify an advancement.

The student who says it is not necessary for him to study more than fifteen minutes in order to prepare a lesson is filling himself with the east wind; he is either deluding himself or is simply boasting. "When the imagination deceives, it becomes madness."

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A boy does not become a football player by putting his feet upon the study table and telling himself that he is a gridiron genius; neither is he a student if he dodges prolonged industry. There is no substitute for brains, and they do not come to the complacent dreamer. The world has found no equivalent for the trained intellect; and if you and the world are to have any delight in each other, it will be because you have what it needs.

A student is getting an *ersatz* education who does not play the game fairly. Many of us do more work in trying to avoid a hard task than would be required to perform it well. We are afflicted with a mania to outwit the job, although we know it is everlastingly best to do it honestly. We must check up on any such tendency or we will be beaten. Copying notes which another has prepared, or plagiarizing a theme from the encyclopædia is to poison the mind and soul. To withdraw conscientiousness from any thought or action is to put an eating acid into the blood. The universe is held together by a certain orderliness which extends to men's bodies,

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minds and souls; and the very stars in heaven fight against the anarchy of ignorance or design.

Every curriculum has some easy courses. They offer full value to the honest student, and no faculty may abandon them, yet they are of a character to permit one to win a pass without the wholesome sweat of brain. He who, sleuthlike, noses out those courses just because they are not difficult is headed straight for a debacle. He may even swing along gaily during the college years, but later, when Dame Opportunity meets him he will have no canniness to recognize her, neither will he have the technique to lay hold upon her. A head filled with *ersatz* makes a mighty poor thinking machine.

In the modern college there are scores of student activities. A college is a kind of world in itself and affords a field for many interests which are not intimately related to scholarship. These extra-curricular activities provide a training that is extremely valuable when wisely employed: they are a clinic where one practices contacts with the wider

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horizons of life. Athletics, forensics, the college paper, the literary societies, the Christian Associations, glee clubs and social events offer that which every student needs. Their very value and attractiveness make them a source of possible evil. They may cause you to miss the great essential. Even a facile collegian cannot put more than twenty-four hours into a day; and if he spends all of these on incidentals, he must make up his mind to have a substitute education. The real education should engage three-fourths of your energies and the other fourth should be chiefly centered on one or two outside activities. If you are out after bear, it is necessary to use a rifle, but if your life-object is small birds, a shot-gun will do. If the alternative be frankly faced, the inevitable decision of common sense will lead to the better values.

An *ersatz* education inevitably subjects one to the terrible experience of disillusionment. It is like the marks saved by the thrifty German of the war years: their face value was most gratifying, but they bought little bread. A college diploma should resemble

ERSATZ EDUCATION

baptism by being the outward sign of an inward grace; yet if the inward grace is lacking, the diploma will not save you. No one with fine feeling will flaunt diamonds of paste, and I cannot conceive of a true soul wishing a sham diploma. As it is your business to search for truth, so should it be your passion to plant it in your soul. That is the rooting place of life, the mine from which all treasures must ultimately come; and if it be devoid of reality, it can yield nothing of substantial good.

A make-believe education not only fails to provide the tools by which to do your work, but the consequent disappointment will destroy expectation and self-confidence. When a man realizes that he is incapable of meeting the requirements, he loses courage and the invigorating reaction of progressive achievement. He who knows that he is not sincere lives in half his being, self-mutilated and self-paralyzed. The world marks him for the rubbish heap, and he knows he is on the way.

Contrariwise, if he secures a real educa-

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tion and no *ersatz*, he will have gold that is current at par in every land and age. He will have an inner wealth which increases as it is used and a quiet confidence in his strength which will enable him to render a full measure of honest service to God and man.

THE REWARDS OF SCHOLARSHIP

PRESIDENT LOWELL declares that the United States is the only country where it is popularly supposed that diligence and scholarly ability have no relation to success in life. This is a sheer heresy fostered by those who have not investigated and by others who are unable or unwilling to qualify as scholars. Its exponents upon any college campus are the dull and indolent. Make up your mind that it is the counsel of ignorance or envy or is a screen of defense.

People wish to succeed, and therefore they are going to colleges in numbers which increase annually. Taxpayers and philanthropists believe that education is causally connected with achievement. Anyone who soberly considers the matter can see it; it is the mind which accomplishes—the mind first and then the outer act. The mind is capable of being trained and the goal of education is

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the mind trained to think intelligently. If it be objected that colleges too often fail to do this, we reply that they are the best assemblage of opportunities for development that the race has devised, and when something better is discovered the colleges will adopt it or be superseded by it. You cannot afford to wait for that change, and while you are in college the dominant purpose may safely be scholarship. Let me remind you of some of the rewards of the scholar.

1. Genuine scholarship always affords a justifiable self-confidence. I hasten to say that this is not conceit or pharisaical self-laudation; it simply is the knowledge that one has a certain ability which he can use. And this is no inconsiderable resource in a time when psychoanalysts are saying that fear is one of man's greatest afflictions. Fear destroys initiative, breeds ultraconservatism, causes one to cling to the *status quo*, makes one move with halting, questioning steps. Confidence is a precondition of success.

Some years ago a gentleman elevated to public office confided in me that his ignorance

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of the rules of correct speech made him timid in the presence of any but the illiterate. A secretary revised his addresses, which were either read or memorized. He never knew, he said, what gross errors he might be committing, and consequently he was always timorous and hesitating—an example of the bird with a broken wing.

A scholar knows that he knows some things, and to that degree he is the equal of any person in the world. He has a few sure footings, and upon them he stands shoulder to shoulder with the best. Confidence in his position awakens courage, and as he broadens the foundations of knowledge he may increase his assurance of ability and go that much further forward.

2. Unless education increases man's power to achieve, the human race is guilty of an age-old error: and that is inconceivable. The question has been checked and answered too often to be a question at all. Let me resort to dull figures. *Who's Who* is not an infallible roster of the successful, but it is not far from it. An analysis based on its

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data shows that one person in 3,300 in the United States is mentioned in this book, one of every 75 college graduates is named, and one of every 25 Phi Beta Kappas appears. Phi Beta Kappas represent approximately the upper tenth of their classes in scholarship, and they are three times as numerous in *Who's Who* as other college graduates. The alumni records of the University of Wisconsin, covering forty-five years, show that those who graduated in the upper tenth are proportionately fifty times as numerous in *Who's Who* as those in the lower nine tenths. Yale's valedictorians are chosen because of their scholarship, and 56% appear in *Who's Who*. Of Oxford's "first class men," 68% are distinguished. Ten United States Presidents, fifteen secretaries of state, and 30% of the Supreme Court judges were or are members of Phi Beta Kappa. Twenty-eight out of sixty-three persons in the Hall of Fame were Phi Beta Kappas.

Similar records are beginning to appear in the business world. The Pennsylvania Railway Company has twenty-one directors,

REWARDS OF SCHOLARSHIP

of whom nineteen are college graduates, and I shall venture the judgment that they were not merely pass men. Graduate schools of good universities are visited yearly by representatives of commercial concerns who seek to hire promising students, and the student of high rank is preferred.

Forty years ago the apprenticeship system was almost the only way to learn a business and develop into an executive. College training shortens the period of apprenticeship, and the graduate, starting at the bottom, masters department details more rapidly than his untrained contemporary. Moreover, he can master more because he has a developed capacity for doing so. The tragedy of the untrained man is his limitations; the worth of the trained man is his power to push back limitations indefinitely. A bank director told me of the wish of the board to promote the cashier to the vacant presidency. "Yet," said he, "we dare not do so; Mr. A. is a perfect cashier, but he has not the trained capacity for being the bank's president." The management of large busi-

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nesses has become a profession, demanding the background of formal preparation equal to that of the so-called learned professions; and it is idle to think that this preparation has no causal relation to continuous hard work during the process of such training. A man cannot loaf four years in college and later catch up with himself: he has marked himself forever and has forever lost his chance. If he intends ever to amount to anything, he must amount to something in college.

3. A man has to be company for himself much of the time. The kind of company he will be is determined by what he does in college. If he makes numerous contacts with great minds and great thoughts, with great events and great principles, he will develop both an ability and an appetite for continuing to do so. So will he add wealth to wealth as long as he lives and be to himself the most interesting companion. "Try me on leather," said a manufacturer to a lady at a banquet, who had vainly sought to talk about government, books, and art; "leather is all

REWARDS OF SCHOLARSHIP

I know." His world, his thoughts, his fellowship were leather. It is rather terrifying to think of this man's loneliness and of his deciding questions of citizenship by a single beam of light. Yet he may have been a pass man in college.

The present time, more than any other period in history, offers surpassing reward to the scholar—confidence, power, satisfactions, and an infinite field in which to use them. A student who thinks it a work of supererogation to become a scholar keeps many of his powers in the limbo of the unborn.

CATCHING WEASELS

It is related that the Dauphin, eldest son of Louis XIV of France, found passionate satisfaction in catching weasels. As direct heir to the throne, he was provided with eminent scholars to instruct him and to prepare him for leadership, but they could make little headway against the lure of weasels. To be a king in those days was much more significant than the position now allows when checks and balances so greatly control him. If a youth ever had an exalted appeal, it was to the young man who should manage the destiny of an important nation; but instead of preparing himself for sovereignty he thrust opportunity aside and hunted weasels in the barns. His sphere was imperial, but his life was pigmy. No doubt weasels are a pest, and it is necessary for farmers and poultrymen to destroy them, but for a king to be absorbed in weasel killing is pitiable and criminal nonfeasance.

CATCHING WEASELS

Yet there is a strange kinship between all men, sufficient to afford unity of understanding and purpose in the race. The stories of Old Testament characters in their essentials could be written of men to-day. The desires and doings of the ancient patriarchs are foreign only in their setting: we think and feel and act largely as they did; and if they were to appear among us in modern garments, we would pass them on the street without a second look. Those who believe in the earthly reincarnation of men must have a shred of reason for their belief; indeed if they were to visit American colleges they might easily decide that the eldest son of Louis XIV had come back to be a student. The identifying mark would be his devotion to weasel hunting.

Lest I appear to the freshman to be declaring a mystery, let me name some campus weasel hunters. They are those who, as President Wilson expressed it, mistake side-shows for the main circus. They either have a false conception of values or are not interested in them; they either do not know the

HALF WAY TO NOON

meaning of college or they are indifferent to it.

The insatiable joiner of societies is a weasel hunter. He belongs to so many things that nothing belongs to him. His waistcoat bulges with cryptic badges while he dashes around like an alderman at a funeral. He seriously believes that on him hang the law and the prophets and that only by joining something else can he make sure that his college will continue. Energy shoots from him in sparks, and, like Æsop's fly upon the axle, he sees the mighty dust he raises.

In a world of uncounted surprises he may be graduated and, true to form, will probably join so many dinner clubs, secret orders, associations, brotherhoods, unions, and sister alliances that the sheriff will not find him in his office when he calls to give notice of foreclosure on the furniture. If he is a lawyer or physician or preacher, he may think that membership in many organizations will be of use to him; but I am persuaded that people do not pick their advisers on that basis.

CATCHING WEASELS

Fraternities and clubs can serve a useful purpose; but when they claim too much time or divert a student from the main purpose they are not useful to him, and a college student who has an itch for such things is squandering potential sovereignty for the same kind of pottage that bewitched the Dauphin.

Another close relative of the heir apparent is a student who never really comes to life except in some social affair. When surrounded by other young people, he loses himself in the wonder of light and laughter, in the joy that bears him up in airy arms. The night is empty which does not find him at a dance, the theater, a dinner, a card club or walking the streets with a crowd. He may dislike being alone or he may be fearful of missing something. The society column provides his editorials and a scrapbook opens whenever his name appears among those present. A lovable creature he may be, addicted to spats and gardenias, or he may be the roaring cut-up with a voice like winter; but it is a misnomer to call him a student.

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I would not depreciate the value of society to the man in college. He should learn to associate with people, cultivating the graces and being amiably at ease among friends. There should, however, be temperance in this appetite or life will be only a hunt for weasels.

Just as truly is he flagrantly missing the great chance who comes to college with a major concern for competitive athletics. A college which allows itself to become an athletic club or which shelters a group who care only for the game does a disservice to students and the public. Athletics are so fine, so wholesome and helpful that every student should be engaged regularly in some of its forms; but to allow the college years to slip by without using them for the infinitely greater values is to forfeit the sovereignty of an intellectual kingdom forever.

Another student who classifies with the French Dauphin is he who becomes so busy with college activities that he can do little else. He frequently is both able and complaisant; and because he is an agreeable soul,

CATCHING WEASELS

he edits the college paper, manages his fraternity, joins a debate squad, and pitches for the nine. He has conscience about the matter and labors frenziedly to do the tasks well; he forgets to have a conscience about studies and what he does in English, chemistry, history, and economics constitutes a tragedy. He has failed to

“Fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run.”

This that I have been saying is simply to raise the question of values. There are few things which are utterly worthless, but some things are worth more than others and it is a part of college training to discern and seek what is, for the time and place, most significant. A student must learn what to select; all may be grist that comes to his mill, but all will not make first-class flour, nor will the mill be able to grind everything that is offered. Specialization is always necessary: and a student cannot be a master of his opportunities in school while he majors in by-products. What counts and counts most with

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a student is what he does between class periods. It is then that he shifts the level of life—up or down. If he always lives as much as possible on the level of his best, there can be no question about where he will be found at any future time. The line of march is revealed by what he does daily.

THE TUG OF TO-MORROW

HE is a wise man who sees beyond his nose. It was the constant prayer of an Oriental magian that he might behold to-day with the eyes of to-morrow. Rather is it desirable to see the future with the eyes of the present. To-day is the parent of to-morrow, and a shiftless ancestry does not breed strong progeny.

Benjamin Kidd found that the period necessary for the maturing of an organism indicated its standing in the scale of development, and the length of time devoted to education was the measure of racial achievement. The savage gives no thought to formal education. He obeys his instincts, learns by example and his own experience. The civilized and enlightened man employs half his life in preparing for the years that lie thereafter. As early as possible he frees himself from the fateful control of instinct, learns to reason and seeks to profit by the

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experience of all the generations gone before.

There are two factors which determine how far individual development may proceed. First, there is that of capacity, about which we do not care to speak at this time; but all should know that men are not created with equal powers for being or for achievement.

The second factor is the force of the future, the ability to visualize the objective that lies far ahead and to let that objective have a compelling influence upon the present. The butterfly and the bee provide an illustration of what I mean. The butterfly is interested only in the now; it wants honey from the flower upon which it alights and it immediately uses all it gathers. The bee has a feeling for the future and stores away a surplus.

If the butterfly were a man, we should call him a fool, seeing that he is improvident, reckless, and indifferent to the conditions which surely come with winter. A fool is a grown-up with the mind and the ways of a

THE TUG OF TO-MORROW

child. A man is he who has put aside the methods of childhood and has a sense of the days that are in their relation to the days that are to be. A child lives in the present; what it wants it wants instantly, and it has no concern to make provision for the morrow. But when a child begins to mature, it visualizes the future and commences to care for that.

The classic example of an adult child is Esau. He always was a child. He was a man with a child's mind and ways. Jacob, on the other hand, never was a child; he had a man's foresight concerning the future. An Esau is perfectly willing to kill the goose that lays the golden egg in order that he may get several eggs immediately. We cannot conceive of a Jacob killing the goose; rather, he would nurse and pet and encourage her to do still better. He would gather the eggs carefully and store them until he had thirteen, or as many as the goose could cover. He would then set her and rear other geese to lay other golden eggs.

That is the Jacobean method. Esau gets his pleasure now by selling the future.

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Jacob thrills with a present hope and is willing to eat crusts in order to have an assured abundance in the awaiting years.

As might be predicted, Esau is a despondent man. He sees no joy ahead, because he is not preparing for it. He is not inspired by hope and expectation simply because he is not sowing any seed from which he may expect later to gather harvests. Naturally and necessarily, he is the victim of gloom and despair.

Jacob, however, is the cheerful man. He cannot help being happy, for now he is sowing seed and tilling the field, knowing full well that, in the sure order of things, if he sows and tills there will be a harvest; and his soul exults with the very joy of that expectation.

The man, Esau, says: "Enjoy the present. Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Unfortunately for society, some prodigals do not die to-morrow. They live; and continue to live after they have squandered their substance, requiring to be supported by their relatives or at the poor farm. Many an

THE TUG OF TO-MORROW

Esau does not die soon enough for his own happiness or that of other people. Their useless hulks float menacingly up and down the seas long after they have ceased to carry any helpful cargo. A wise man is always motivated by the look ahead. He plants the grain and rejoices in the inaugural work of insuring the full corn in the ear. I take it that, as far as appearances are concerned, the wisest people in the world are college students. They definitely declare that the future has a great meaning to them, that they feel the tug which takes into account a reckoning with the awaiting years. They perceive something which lies over the hill and are willing to toil up the slopes in order that once there they may enjoy and serve with better powers.

There must be a sixth sense in man. He possesses something which responds to the unseen and unknown. Call it faith in himself and faith in the orderly justice of the universe, faith in the law that as a man sows so shall he also reap; rather call it faith in the unvarying goodness of God. Yonder he

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stands, waiting to give the reward; here he is within man, inspiring him to gain the reward. The payment and the method of its attainment are sure.

It has been said that the future should be regarded as a friend from whom a legacy is expected. It is better to say that the future is a faithful trustee who saves and invests for us all that we transmit to him. We may depend upon it that latent assets accumulated to-day will become the active capital of to-morrow. The boy, Lincoln, lying before the open fire reading, said he would learn all he could about everything he could, feeling sure that one day he would have use for it all.

The college man is doomed who sees upon the distant hills no gleaming castle, who hears no whisper coming from the unborn years, who feels no pull upon his soul as he thinks of fields which await his sickle. But if he sees and hears and feels the meaning of to-morrow, that which is to be will transform the present hardship into an inspiring song.

THE PRINTED WORD

AN English tanner who had a reputation for making exceptionally good leather declared that his craftsmanship was due to his reading of Carlyle. It may not be possible to discover any close causal connection between Thomas Carlyle and leather, but one does perceive the quality of the reaction which the bold Scotchman has on those who read him. His "Everlasting Yea" is a brave call to reality and his fierce opposition to sham stings falsehood like an acid; Carlyle may indeed have a place in a tannery.

To choose one's reading properly requires the use of a high type of wisdom. Indeed, one is wise beyond the ordinary who chooses at all, or who does not read, hit or miss, whatever is easily available. It is a shamefully wicked practice, especially for persons who have had enough sagacity to come to college. What a man reads is what most truly makes him, not figuratively but actually. The food

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he assimilates will give him a body; what he reads, if he reads to any purpose whatever, will give him ideas, and ideas are the true determinants of every deliberate action. It cannot be otherwise, because a voluntary deed must be preceded by a thought, and one's mental conceptions are largely the product of reading. A copy of *Poor Richard's Almanac* found its way into an English factory, where it was read by one workman after another. Its homely maxims of thrift, temperance, and industry permeated the thinking of the workers and transformed their habits. No inexplicable miracle was wrought; the cause was there in the form of implanted ideas and the result had to follow. A book honestly read puts a person into the soul of the author and, still more, puts the author's soul into the reader. Benjamin Franklin got into the mind of the workmen and, in a sense, it was he who practiced thrift, temperance, and industry.

Anyone knows the vast influence of companionship. Men are like those insects which assume the color of what they feed upon;

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and people who associate together furnish mental food for one another. The companionship of the printed page is even more close, insistent and compelling and no one can avoid being influenced by it. Fifty years ago T. S. Arthur's *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*, a book now forgotten, was read in many neighborhoods and so changed the attitude of whole communities that they could not do otherwise than wage battle until the saloons were closed.

When England had no conscience concerning the children who labored in factory and mine, when England did not know that she had no conscience in this matter, Mrs. Browning caught the pulse of a Divine heartthrob and translated it into "The Cry of the Children." It went its protesting, sobbing way all over the empire until the people did have a conscience. A hundred years ago Tom Hood awakened the sympathy of his generation for toiling womanhood by the subtly moving "The Song of the Shirt"; nor can one measure the forward impulsion given to the abolition movement by *Uncle Tom's*

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Cabin. But it is plain as sunlight that ideas lodged in virile minds will eventually pass out to tongue and hand, and from thence go on to other propagating minds. Herr Moleschott says, "A man is what he eats"—a statement which isn't even clever, for anyone knows that a man is as he thinks.

Lord Byron made no prediction as to what it might signify when he wrote from Italy that the Italians talk Dante, write Dante, and think Dante. The significance is now apparent; for in that day, when Italy was torn divided, and hopeless, the people in their separated and discordant states were being prepared for unity by the ideas of the man who dreamed Italian liberty and nationality five centuries before they were realized. When enough of the sons of Sicily and Venetia and Lombardy and Piedmont and Sardinia thought the thoughts of Dante there was but one thing for them to do; and Cavour and Garibaldi led them to the greatness of an undivided people.

I have mentioned these examples in order that you may appreciate the momentousness

THE PRINTED WORD

which attaches to your reading. It can give you great values or it can impoverish you with trumpery. Whenever you read a book to no purpose you are losing an opportunity to read one that can forever inspire and teach. Do not be deceived by the idea that the reading of the inane and fribbling does not leave its ineradicable mark: it gives a puerile thought-content and creates an excluding appetite for more of the same kind. Both of these destroy intelligence. A person has only so much of time and capacity, and if they be used for the lesser, they are not available for the better. And because reading is a process of education which continues through life one does well early to form habits of reading that enrich.

Two suggestions are offered, the first of which is to make it an invariable practice to read only the best books. Thoreau said he read a newspaper one day and that it required a week to remove the taste and to recover his fitness for converse with wholesome minds. In this era, smothered with printing and confused by grotesque critics, a person is

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bewildered in trying to decide what books are sincerely best. He is engulfed in a torrent of temptations to waste his efforts, to burden his mind fruitlessly, and to clog his spirit with shoddy. How can the untrained distinguish gold from iron pyrites? The assayer will tell him; and in choosing what to read the librarian will be of great help. He is a teacher of book-values, not merely a cataloguer, and his usefulness as a guide is like that of any other teacher.

Your own judgment, sincerely exercised, can determine rather accurately what books should be read. A book should not be read because it is easy or entertaining or greatly talked about; a good book may be all of these, but it should be more. It should contribute to your capacity to be and to do. You have imagination which works with the invisible, memory which provides materials of thought and reflection which establishes relations; these are the roots of education and your reading should nourish them. If you are honest with yourself, you can tell whether or not your reading meets this test.

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The verdict of time should be regarded. If you have the good sense to refuse the untested book, you will invite a fellowship with souls whom it is glorious to know. What business have you to be reading current novels and red-backed magazines when you have no acquaintance with nine tenths of the immortals in Westminster Abbey? The judgment of the years is worthy of acceptance. You may hopefully look for the present generation to produce masterpieces, but until they are laurel-crowned do not invite the candidates for immortality to try themselves out on you. The physician practices on dead men before he may operate on the living, but unfortunately anyone may print a book and seek to make it a part of men's brains. There is a company of master authors who have enriched the world; they are still offering unspent wealth to you. Time-approved books both give and stimulate; and if you commune with the great, you may confidently expect the power of creative thought yourself. If you do not care for such books, it is, to say the least, a

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reasonably safe conclusion that the fault is not with the books.

My second suggestion is to make communion with an author sincere and vital. To receive ideas passively and not with an appraising judgment is to lose the real benefit of reading. No man can possess thoughts who does not think. I have seen students in torpid reverie bend over books as though physical association led to learning. Our skins are too thick to allow the principle of endosmosis to function. Reading that yields profit can come only from intellectual parry and thrust between author and reader. Neither can accomplish this alone; the offering of the one must be met by hospitality from the other. No writer can impart intelligence except to a mind that reciprocally acts. It is a hard, narrow way and few go in thereat, and that is the reason one per cent of the people provide the creative leadership for the ninety-nine per cent. Knowledge that is not an integral part of ourselves is of no more use than unassimilated food; and thinking is the process, the only process, by which knowl-

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edge is transmuted into intelligence. If you think as you read, using active judgment instead of receiving with a sleeping brain, you will appropriate the author's strength and add the products of your own creating mind.

He is a good writer who emancipates me from the trivial and conventional that crowd my days; who creates within me new and wholesome aspirations and high courage to undertake them. I want an author to take the facts of my life and recast them, to relate them to greater facts and establish larger and better relationships. My life is too close to me to be understood: I need the perspective of another age and a finer personality. A book should teach and inspire, should enable me to find and use the best of what I have and am.

By tests such as these a book should win or lose the right to be your friend. There are other tests, but these will do for a beginning.

THE SILENT BATTLE

Two summers ago we passed over a great battlefield. Few would recognize it as a place of contest, for there had been no bloodshed and no clash of arms; yet for thousands of years tragedies have been enacted there and are still taking place. We were going from Lake Tahoe down into a desert of Nevada and thence up over the Tioga Pass to the Yosemite Valley. At Lake Tahoe we were surrounded by a luxuriant vegetation; the trees showed enormous trunks and exalted heights, and the earth was covered with flowers, ferns and dense underbrush. As we descended the mountain, moving into the region of heat and drought, the vegetation became smaller and more sparse; and when we entered the district of sand, the trees entirely disappeared. Even the underbrush gradually gave up the contest, and there were vast areas which supported nothing but sage brush and bunch grass. Still far-

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ther on there was only bare, glistening, hot sand—death was a complete victor over life.

Turning from the desert, we approached the mountain range and within an hour vegetation appeared again; bunch grass, sage brush and chapparal. Near the foot of the range there were underground springs which refreshed a surface that was covered with a denser green. Our progress was marked by a more salubrious temperature, the appearance of ferns and flowers and a gradual increase in the size of trees. In another hour we were in the temperate zone, where the midsummer flora rioted and where the roots of giant trees contested for a place in the soil and rocks. Ascending the Pass to a height of almost two miles, we came once more to the front lines of the battlefield. Here the fight between vegetable life and the grim elements was tragically apparent. The ferns were no more, the flowers were small though bravely defiant in bright colors, and the hemlocks had wholly given way to the pines. Farther on there remained mosses, sprawling trees struggling in the clefts of

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rocks, beaten by winds, dwarfed by the rarified atmosphere and broken by the snows of winter. Upon the summit there was perpetual frost and death again was the undisputed victor over life.

Throughout the world this tragedy goes on continually, but in few places is it so vividly and contrastingly presented as upon these rugged mountainsides of the Western Coast. On a larger scale we can picture the struggle as it moves from every area of the tropics toward the arctic regions in both directions. Animal life and vegetable life are trying to adapt themselves to their environments and slowly coming at last to a line which defies any form of life to cross it; but every portion of the way marks the defeat of some species which is unable to go on.

With no such clearly defined demarcations this principle applies to the human family. Man is found everywhere and seemingly he can live with a fair degree of comfort and prosperity in any clime. As recently as forty years ago scientists were of the opinion that the white man could not live in

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the tropics or in the arctic regions. They did die when they attempted to colonize the more inhospitable areas of the earth; but it has since been learned that it is neither the heat nor the cold which is destructive to the white man. Every section of the world breeds its own diseases and the person suffers who is not immune to their attacks. Medical science is arming man with knowledge and providing protective measures. He is enabled to build the Panama Canal, which could not have been done fifty years ago; and for two decades successful colonies have been maintained in the tropics of Africa. The civilized man is pushing farther and farther to the north; and it is now believed that he can adapt himself to live practically anywhere upon the earth. He is the master and not the victim of environment. With resources of knowledge, he makes himself stronger than things which oppose him.

In the book, *A Man's Reach*, the author declares that the reach of man is infinite, that he can achieve anything, that for him the battle lines are far flung, that he can push

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them back as his knowledge increases and that he can increase his knowledge as much as he wills to do so. There seems to be nothing immutable, and nothing absolutely beyond his reach. It is a wholesome stimulant to think of life's widening horizons and to feel the surge of an unmeasured power waiting to be spent in a world that nowhere builds impassable barriers.

In youth my domain was small. The outlook was that of a farmer's boy whose entire world lay before his eyes. He took his first long voyage with Robinson Crusoe and thereafter he has not ceased to live with him upon his island. Later the child was introduced to other stories and history and biography, and he pitched his tent in many lands. He lay beneath the tree with Rip Van Winkle, roamed the Highland Country with Rob Roy, wept for Napoleon at Waterloo, rode behind Don Quixote on Rosinante and wandered to the uttermost parts with the deathless characters of history and literature. His knowledge of nature was general and commonplace; he lived in her midst, but she told

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no wonder stories until physics, chemistry, and biology drew the veil from her face and became her interpreter. Then he lived in the sea, in the depths of the earth, whispered to the flowers, sang with the birds and found his way at night to the stars.

Mentally, and not physically, he sought to establish a relationship with wide horizons; and he found no place where he could not be at home and live. In childhood his eyes were lifted toward the good God and he was sure of a Fatherly touch and guidance which gave him strength and peace. As his conception of the universe became filled with beauty and immeasurably expanded, he magnified his idea of the Infinite One and discovered him in everything, discovered infinity in himself.

The front line always yields to man. Body, mind, and soul can ransom themselves from narrow confines. The *desiré* and hope which grasp at immensity do not deceive or betray: they are the prophecy and promise of fulfillment. Says Emerson: "It is wonderful how soon a piano gets into a log-hut on the frontier. With it comes a Latin

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grammar, and one of those tow-head boys has written a hymn on Sunday. Now let colleges, now let senates take heed!" A piano and a grammar, a hymn and a reform; knowledge, aspiration and the race is on the march. A man is forever in advance of himself, but he can always come up to where he is. The horizon always advances to the man who moves forward.

THE PREPARED HEAD

IN the realm of natural science it is well established that every effect has a perfectly adequate cause. The two sides of the equation must balance. The principle is so axiomatic that no one thinks of doubting it; but it presents another aspect when applied to human beings. A man reads a line in a book, he hears a call over the telephone, he sees a sunset, and the entire tenor of his life is changed. Some mysterious inner spring is touched which releases an energy much as the turn of a button floods a room with light. The factors do not seem to balance. Luther heard a voice, Lincoln visited a slave market, Phillips saw Garrison dragged to jail—incidents which transformed and forever inspired them, producing results out of all proportion to the causes. No, the intellectual and the spiritual are not under the law that governs the material.

In the grammar school at Grantham more

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than two and a half centuries ago a small boy was kicked in the stomach by a bigger lad, resulting in a discovery which changed the world's thought and action. No one could have predicted it, however much he might have believed in the correspondence of cause and effect. The smaller boy had excelled in a recitation, sending the larger lad to a lower place in the class. The retaliatory kick came when school was dismissed, and the small child knew he should lose in a fight; therefore he considered how to be avenged against his adversary. Taking thought of his stature, he saw that he could not add one cubit to it, but he could repeat the act which had humiliated his enemy. This he did, resolving to be constantly superior in scholarship to the bully. From that resolve came a long train of events, one of which was the immortal discovery.

I am not recommending that should you find a friend or enemy deficient in scholarship you should kick him. I am not even intimating that should you find yourself deficient you should solicit this form of stimu-

THE PREPARED HEAD

lus. But it is sun-clear that the reaction which took place in the mind of Isaac Newton has a significant moral.

It may have been easy for him to make the resolution. Most persons make resolutions every day; some of them, particularly at the opening and ending of a semester, are solemn and sincere. However, it is an unfortunate integrant of human nature that in making a resolve there is the tendency virtuously to feel that thereby the object of the resolve has been attained. It is easy to forget that there is a great gulf between purpose and performance.

A single explosion of determination seldom creates enough momentum to carry one to the consummation. The resolution may point squarely toward the objective, but the dynamic soon fizzles out. One remembers the puzzle of the military engineers who sought to learn how Big Bertha could send shells into Paris seventy miles away. Some thought that the shell bore an attachment by which, when the effect of the initial explosion was diminished, other explosions

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should take place in mid-air and thus impact after impact should propel the shell to its goal.

A process somewhat similar to this was encouraged by Spurgeon, who said it was his practice to be religiously converted every morning. It is unthinkable that young Newton did not constantly encourage and stimulate his first resolution until it was printed into his brain as a controlling habit.

Couple those two things together—purpose and persistence—and there is hardly anything not possible to an intelligent youth. Successful men in trying to interpret the source of their achievements usually come back to this old formula. More modern and easier methods are heralded in advertisements and by uninitiated educators, but one is led to wonder why the proponents do not try them themselves. A bald barber is a poor salesman of a remedy for falling hair, though he may succeed if he uses periodicals for long-distance selling. I am suspicious of modern sirens of success; I am friendly to tested methods.

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Newton had a single-track mind that followed approved principles. His first resolution doubtless enabled him to recite well the next day and that encouraged him to renew the resolution. He tasted success and success led to success. Nothing intricate or mystical about it.

But there was something unusual connected with the falling apple which, tradition says, struck Newton upon the head. Apples had fallen every year since there were apples; millions of people had seen apples fall from the trees, thousands had probably been struck upon the head by falling apples. The force called gravitation was operating, every factor for the discovery of this force was existing—except the proper kind of a head. Isaac Newton had a prepared head, a head that was being prepared from the day he encountered the bully in school. When the preparation had reached a certain stage, his brain discerned and interpreted. Now we can see cause more nearly approximating effect.

Hydrophobia was a world scourge until

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Pasteur had a prepared head. Diphtheria fluttered black wings of fear in every household until Koch became great enough to master it. The sufficient knowledge of Morton and Lister created modern surgery. So may one speak of Edison, the Wrights, and Marconi. So also in the intangible realms one thinks of Homer and Shakespeare, of Luther and Wesley, of Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson.

We think of men as making opportunities; it is more accurate to say they accept them because they are able to recognize them and meet the requirements. "Strong in will to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield." An opportunity is a flux of conditions which awaits the adequate mind to direct them toward a rational objective. The dictionary is a vast collection of words; Browning turned them into a singing philosophy and a drum-beat, calling to the soul. Hoover found a mad, chaotic world that was starving women and children; he sorted out the usable integrants—food, ships, mercy—and guided them toward a ministering purpose.

THE PREPARED HEAD

Men are traitors to great opportunity not in the moment when it appears, but in the days and years when it was given them to make ready for it. Not genius nor intuition will suffice; ability does not spring full-grown from Minerva's brow. Webster promptly replied to Hayne in a masterpiece of thought and eloquence, but it was the product of twenty years of preparation. Webster did not make the opportunity; Newton did not cause the apple to fall: these men were simply magnificently ready with prepared heads.

There is no discount on brains and the market is never glutted; the world, like a trailing hound, will find the man who makes a better mousetrap.

VARNISH

Two hundred years ago Stradivarius, the pupil of the celebrated Amati, flourished as a violin maker at Cremona. His violins have never been equaled. The secret of their enchanting tones has long been sought and in vain; no one has been able to make an instrument to compare with his in the rich witchery of sound. Makers have copied his violins to the utmost likeness of form; and the seventy pieces of wood have been duplicated in closest particularity. The magic has remained elusive.

Experts finally concluded that the peculiar virtue of the Cremonas lay not so much in the form or in the wood as in the varnish; and they long endeavored to discover its composition. In this they were not successful, for the years themselves seemed to have enriched the varnish with something that baffled the chemist's skill. Recently, however, Signor Gallicanne claims to have found the secret

VARNISH

revealed in an Italian manuscript, dated 1716; and the instruments he has made and covered with the varnish appear to verify his statement. The varnish is of such character that it becomes more than a covering for the surface; it has the quality of penetrating and of amalgamating with the very wood itself.

Whether it was by accident or by studied skill, the ancient violin makers of Cremona achieved a triumph in compounding a varnish which insisted on being a component of the soul of the instrument. This that was thought to be no more than an adornment and preservative revealed an unsuspected attribute in its power to temper sounds to unearthly sweetness. It is as though the resin from the trees had imprisoned the melodies of the forest and now whispered them out through the pine, maple and ebony.

In the ordinary use of varnish and paint we expect only protection and beauty. A popular advertisement is a reminder that if the surface is saved all is saved. This is true of wood, steel, marble and concrete. Their enemies attack them from the outside and if

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destruction from that quarter be avoided there is little danger from other sources. This is not true of man, whose greatest dangers come from within. Yet the surface must also be protected; and it is intimated that some persons are more concerned with the outside than with the inside. I do not recall the sum that annually passes over the counters of the cosmetic shops, but it is startlingly enormous. In these evil days, when almost everything is promoted or prohibited by an organization, it is strange that no fertile mind has thought of a crusade for the universal abandonment of cosmetics. Beauty surely obeys the world-wide law of relativity, and if no one used cosmetics every person would be comparatively just as beautiful as before! It appears to be a race in armaments, with no end in sight. Anyway, a cosmetic is public notice that something is lacking.

Poor violins do not use Cremona varnish. Whether they are poor because they do not use it or do not use it because they are poor one cannot tell. An adornment for the sur-

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face only is not the highest goal for violins or people, but with the latter surface virtues are better than none at all. They show that they are at least regarded as of value, and there is always the possibility that they will gradually find a setting in character. Yet there is also the chance that he who simulates the reality will finally persuade himself that he has the genuine article. Many a hypocrite does not know that he is a pretender; and, indeed, the pretension may be of such long standing that it has become an essential part of himself. In that case the sham has struck into the bone, and the man is hopeless. A bad personal varnish as well as a good one can be absorbed by the blood.

There are persons who cultivate a rough exterior and boast that they make no pretensions and are exactly what they are. They are proud of having no pride. It is a condition which irritates their friends as much as any other form of pride and has not the redeeming grace of trying to be pleasing. The French are celebrated for politeness, and if one slightly says that it is only upon the

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surface, we reply that this surely is the place for it. So, affirms Emerson, are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. And that which is a practice so age-long as politeness must be rooted in reason. How it does lubricate human intercourse! And how much better is it than flat-footed brusqueness! Good manners do not imply obsequiousness or servility: they are a recognition of the fineness in other people, and an indication that he who is courteous has a quality of good-breeding. They give a sweet tone to life's music and dissolve many a discord.

Good manners should not be left wholly upon the surface, and it is doubtful if they can be. Henry Drummond says that if you act like a Christian, you will in time become a Christian. True grace of conduct is rooted in the soul; it flows from a nature which is different from one which does not care if there be any beauty in fellowship and action. Fair minds will clothe themselves in fine manners and cultured character will express itself in well-bred ways. The relation be-

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tween good manners and good morals is close and each easily matures into the other. We naturally associate rudeness with vice, and civility is expected to spring from inner excellence.

An educated man has little more than his learning to sell to the world, and his worth will be estimated by the manner of his conduct. Politeness is always the best policy and it will carry one far toward getting a good name and of making one worthy of it. The solid values of truth and reason lose much of their force and luster when not clothed in good manners. The way in which a thing is said or done enhances or detracts from its merit; and even the character of a man himself is weighed thereby. If he saves people from irritation and their need to make allowances, others will think he has excellence; but if he displeases, they will form an unfavorable opinion.

Good manners is a subject worthy of your study and mastery. Begin it by believing people are entitled to your best, by thinking they deserve your respect, by being kind to

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all. Attain an inner state of sincere goodness and the forms of proper conduct will come most naturally. For good manners do spring from what we are. They may be imitated, but the imitation should soon be but the natural expression of a gracious life. Ease, poise, and charm are the shining forth of what is within. A good violin will be made better by a Cremona varnish.

COLLEGE MAVERICKS

EVERY one in the West knows what a maverick is. The word is not pretty, though it once was the name of a man. Samuel Maverick was a Texas cattle owner who had a ranch peculiarly valuable because it was surrounded by precipitous hills. He believed that his cattle could not escape from the ranch and therefore he provided no fences, neither did he brand his stock. But some of the cattle did escape and were collected with other herds in the neighboring roundup. Knowing the custom of Samuel Maverick, the cowboys said of an unbranded animal, "That belongs to Maverick." In the course of time it became customary in the cow country to say that anything bearing no mark of ownership was a "maverick."

It would be ungracious to intimate that any of you are mavericks; but there is a parallelism running in my mind between new students and mavericks. The new student, like

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the maverick, is unbranded and is awaiting the establishment of ownership. Resembling the maverick also, the student will not long escape being marked by some proprietor. But I do not know what brand will finally be upon you.

It would save instructors and friends a deal of anxiety if they were certain that all of you young men and women should bear the sign of scholarship, but I have a terrible suspicion that some of you will run away from that branding iron. In a few weeks we shall be able to predict rather accurately whether or not Athene is to place her mark upon you in any really significant manner.

It is true that the iron is hot and it may leave furrows upon the brow; nor is the process quickly ended, for the branding must pass even into the soul. Yet those who know say that the fruitful paths of life lead through the fields of learning; and if one would be fitted for what is best in quality and endless in quantity one must go into those fields where the tested values can be found. As I see it now, my counsel to you

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is not to flinch during this long period of branding, for you will soon find a thrilling joy in the experience itself.

There is another prospective owner who is eager to increase the number in his herd and his branding-iron is tempered to the kindest warmth. His sole objective is pleasure, and this he promises to all. One finds that on the outskirts of the company there is much of beauty, vivacity, and joyousness; but as one penetrates farther toward the center one discovers most poignant dissatisfaction and regret. The owner seems to have been unable to fulfill his pledges and is paying more attention to secure newcomers than to those already branded. Men who are wisely and truly acquainted with life say that real pleasure does not come to him who makes it his prime objective. Pleasure is a seasoning and not the sustaining food. No one lives on condiments; and a life given over to pleasure burns itself out with the bitterness of dreams unrealized. At any rate it is safe to act on the principle that you cannot secure the creative realities by way of the primrose path of

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dalliance. I think you should have much fun and pleasure, but they are the rewarding by-products of straightforward duty. Pleasure for pleasure's sake constantly demands greater stimuli, soon unfits one for anything else, and becomes so hard a master that multitudes bitterly declare with him of old, who had made the experiment, that "all is vanity." I should be quite leery of that branding iron.

"Integrity" used to be a good word, and is still an excellent thing to be branded with. Before it was taken over by letters of recommendation and reduced to a synonym for financial honesty, integrity meant the state of being whole and unimpaired, sound and uncorrupted. This condition, however, has lost nothing of its permanent value and, fortunately, most college students bear its mark and sign. The trouble is that, in the long college roundup, some insensibly stray away from the fires of influence which would, in four years, put the brand indelibly upon their souls. It is not yet indubitably fixed upon all of you because you are young, and

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it is easily possible to disestablish the impressions heretofore made by parents and the church.

Integrity ought to signify the unimpaired possession of one's potential best. Its opposite will signify the squandering of bodily soundness, intellectual appetite, and moral character. None of these is suddenly lost, and that is the reason they ever are lost, for there is not a person here who would deliberately part with them at any price. The rebranding takes place slowly and without pain. That is the danger. The student who overexercises, who eats too much or too little, or is intemperate in anything, does not wake up to the results until the sheriff is at the door with a summons to answer in the court of bankruptcy. He who studies and thinks just enough to avoid using the return ticket at the end of the semester is nevertheless committing hari kari and will, collegiately, be buried in a suicide's grave. And he who shades off from truth and right, who practices a bit of sleight-of-hand with rectitude, is not fooling his soul. My suggestion

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is to see that integrity be stamped in body, mind, and spirit.

In this book I have read of one who bore a splendid brand upon him, the evidence of an ownership in which he gloried. "Let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." So much depends on the character of one's owner that I am persuaded you will do well to enter into fellowship with this Master. We can choose our owner: it is perfectly possible to be branded with scholarship and integrity, or with a low type of pleasure, and it is easily possible to be branded as Saint Paul was. And it is clear to my mind that the marks of scholarship and integrity and of fellowship with Christ are wholly good marks.

"Let no man trouble me," says Paul. "I belong to Someone and my service is to Him. I have a great task and there is no time for lesser things. He stands for justice, honor, purity, truth, and righteousness, and for these I too must stand." Passionate devotion to any master releases one from alle-

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giance to all other masters: one is already owned and there can be no other rightful claimant.

In these first college days you will largely choose the master who is to brand you for life. If you have any wisdom, any resolution, any just purposes, any high ambitions, think on these things.

PLUMS AND COLLEGE

YESTERDAY in an orchard I gathered a dozen plums, fine and splendid. They were luscious beyond description—crowded with sweet juices, redolent with ethereal fragrance, and tintured delicately with a tang that suggests an ambrosia of the gods. But the color attracted me—a purplish blue which one sometimes sees in sunset clouds or upon distant hills suffused with haze, or hovering over fields of blooming lupin. It was the sheen of an intangible down, a soft medium through which the stronger colors of the skin were passed like light through a rainbow's prism. It looked at you with the modesty of a maiden and was as chaste as a mother's blessing. One could gaze long at those delicate colorings, unequaled by Titian's flame or Rubens' blue. One saw the handiwork of the infinite Artist and was touched by the marvel of its grace and perfect beauty.

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The plums were placed in what proved to be too large a basket, where they rolled about until their down was worn off and their external glory was reduced to more solid and commonplace colors. The fruit was as luscious to the tongue as ever, but its power to fascinate the eye with unearthly colorings had disappeared.

Two months ago the present college freshman looked with appealing wonder toward these halls. You now have been here a month; the bloom and iridescence of the school is beginning to assume a more uniform color and the corners of your mouth are turning down. The first semester in college invites trying experiences. The new life which at a distance appeared so wholly delectable is losing its sheen and the substance seems much like what you had been accustomed to in the life you called prosaic. But I hope an intimate acquaintance with college will not destroy all of the wonder with which you invested it. It is there; and ours is the fault if it disappears.

A college environment always awakens a

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deep reaction in the newcomer. The city, with its streets and stores and parks, is becoming a part of yourself. The room where you live, its furniture and outlook, the limits placed on your personal freedom are unlike those of home. The new and greater liberty makes you seem a grown-up and very responsible person. You have been meeting a constant succession of interesting persons. You have speculated about each one, wondering if his appearance truly revealed him, picturing where he came from and of what sort he would eventually prove to be. The professors seemed like gods congested with grace and wisdom, Nestors loaned for a time from the heaven of knowledge. The studies upon which you have entered opened doors to inviting vistas and your projected gaze induced a thrill of joyful eagerness. You shook yourself to be sure it was not a dream.

Nothing can be quite so full of marvel, so tintured with romance, so overlaid with splendor as these first days in college. They make an everlasting record in memory, and old men turn back to that diary, smiling like

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happy children in their sleep. When he becomes a sophomore or junior, the student may think pityingly of himself as a freshman, amazed that he could have been so innocent and artless. As an alumnus, he will bless his freshman simplicity and speak fierce words about his mid-college efforts to be sophisticated. For as a matter of fact, the luster of a college is as real as earth or sky or star and as lovely as anything which makes life sweet. My carelessness destroyed the outer loveliness of the plums and nothing but indifference can take away the charm of college.

But the student must remind himself of that charm and hold it in his heart. The danger is that the eyes which see to-day will merely look and not perceive. You will grow interested in other things and forget to keep the early allurements vivid and alive. You may discover some very disconcerting facts about your instructors—that they know little, wear out their elbows, do not live on manna and act like dervishes on the athletic field. It has also happened that a student

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makes a depressing discovery about himself—that he is not a genius or a lady-killer and is neither a hard-boiled sinner nor an uncanonized saint. That dreadful image called Toil is also in college and stalks beside the student every waking hour. Responsibility and work, which a month ago seemed lost in the background of sheer delight, are beginning to take the center of the stage.

This period of disillusionment is a time of danger. The very number of duties which rush toward the student may lead him to think he cannot fulfill the requirements. During nine months he must prepare for five hundred class periods, learn innumerable conjugations and vocabularies, ferret out and understand scores of principles, analyze substances, dissect organisms, read volumes untold, collect data, write dissertations, excel in athletics, win in forensics, make the glee club, save the University from ruin and be well on toward becoming its most distinguished alumnus. It takes a stout heart not to weaken before such a program and the thoughtful student will begin

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to ask the meaning of this maze of confusion.

Disillusionment easily leads to dissatisfaction unless controlled by sober judgment. When the fine gold tarnishes, we may blame the gold and when the early raptures of a college matriculant are crowded out by clamoring tasks he is tempted to find fault with studies and teachers, fellow students and the entire organization. This is nothing less than disaster. No enterprise goes forward to success unless there be enthusiasm for it, and enthusiasm is born of love. If a student does not love his college and if he cannot with good reason make himself love it, he should be just to himself and it by going elsewhere. To be a driven drudge with cynicism arising from discontent is a condition fraught with evil to the student and the school.

But is a plum to be thrown away if the down be lost? Shall the college be condemned because the early ecstasy is not always present? And the shining splendor of a college need never be lost. It was cre-

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ated by your own expectant soul and can be daily recreated. Four weeks ago you came to embark upon a voyage. You had your dunnage and prayed for good sea-legs. The ocean was shimmering in beauty and mystery and here was the ship that should carry you to another world. Somewhere on the far horizon lay a goodly harbor; yonder under that glowing cloud of white was your rainbow's end. With courage and splendid purpose you committed yourself to the high adventure of discovery and conquest. The haven is indubitably there, the ship is stout; if the sailor's skill and the sailor's courage do not fail, the very sails will sing to the winds which bear your craft along.

TURNING IN THE CORSO

NEARLY every great city has a street of which it boasts. The visitors and inhabitants of Washington speak of Pennsylvania Avenue, doubtless destined to become the most beautiful thoroughfare in the world. We scarcely think of New York City without having a mental picture of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Paris has its Champs Elysées and Berlin its Unter den Linden, London its Piccadilly and Rome its Corso. I wish to talk about turning around in the Corso.

The Corso is a street a mile long, narrow, and with sidewalks scarcely three feet wide; but it is bordered by splendid shops and palaces of luxury. From time immemorial it was a prerogative of royalty to turn their carriages in the narrow street. There was no need for doing so because the street is intersected by other thoroughfares, but there is always a tendency for persons in author-

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ity or who count themselves exceptional to express their uncommonness in an uncommon manner. The princes, therefore, in order to evidence to the *hoi polloi* that they were princes, turned their carriages in this crowded place. It was dangerous to people upon the sidewalk and often some were maimed or killed. But what did that signify to the princes? Princes were few in number and there were hordes of common people.

They continued to turn their horses in the Corso until the thought possessed the minds of the masses that life was precious even though it inhabit a mean-looking body and be covered by unseemly garments. That growing thought so impressed King Humbert that he made a decree forbidding any person to turn his carriage in the Corso. The morning after the law became effective, a prince went driving by in magnificent equipage, with uniformed driver and footman, and at a crowded place gave a signal to turn the carriage. A policeman immediately seized the horses' heads and said, "It is now

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forbidden to turn in the Corso." The prince cried out, "Do you know who I am?" The burly officer yelled, "No!" And that was the most shameful insult possible: that a policeman should not know royalty, that the common people should be so intent on little things that they did not recognize a prince! The officer added that he not only did not know, but he did not care. In hectic anger and chagrin, the prince drove to his palace and there meditated long over the wrongs inflicted upon great people by the boorish masses.

A long time ago a Man said, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth," but it is only in the recent years that men are beginning to learn that the truly great are meek and that the inheritance is for those who consider other folks. Princes of the royal blood are having a hard time, for when they ask if we do not know who they are, we cry out, "No." We do not recognize princes or kings or rich people or anybody but the man within the man; and it is coming to pass that more and more we appreciate one

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another by what we are and not by what our privileges and tangible possessions are.

Some things, therefore, cannot be done as they once were; there are Corsos in which horses are no longer to be turned. When the turning afflicts and injures people, the carriage must go straight ahead. That is the growing sentiment of the world. Men are to bear each other's burdens, they are to respect each other's problems, they are to be regardful and thoughtful and growingly kind. This is to be the mark of greatness and the sign of a king.

I do not know that college students are less considerate than other people, but they are tempted to continue the old prerogative which once gave a collegian certain uncommon privileges. Formerly gazed upon in awe and regarded as a favorite of the gods, he now generally keeps his good humor when forbidden to turn in the Corso. Every college has pretty well-organized facilities for preventing a student's ego from running away with him. The bumptiousness which demands homage or special privileges has a

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way of quickly enlisting the services of volunteer surgeons who insist on an operation. It may take place in the fraternity or classroom, or a prudent student may perform it on himself; it is intended to pare off the rough corners of a lordling and make him fit to live with.

This is not to say that the college obliges a student to conform at the expense of individuality. He is to be himself—his best, real self and not an unjustifiable self. He is to retain a strong and wholesome self-confidence; not the belief that he has already attained, but a quiet conviction that he has the capacity and the will to attain. He must have faith in a God-given potentiality and in a receding horizon; the more he learns, the more he discovers to be learned. With egoism, not egotism, and reverent humility in balance, he claims no more than the right to drive straight ahead in the Corso.

If he claims privileges and immunities simply because he is in college, he does so by sacrificing his manhood. I have been in students' rooms which were decorated with

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“To Let,” “For Sale,” and “For Hire” signs which no student ever purchased. Hotels and restaurants which are frequented by collegians lose linen and cutlery. By no process of honest reasoning can a student persuade himself that this is not plain theft, but he does persuade himself to take articles not his own by remembering that he is a student, by forgetting the eighth commandment and by not stopping to reason at all. This is a Corso in which no gentleman will want to turn.

The hazing of a former generation has almost disappeared. It revealed an inferior type of intellect. It required no ingenuity or cleverness for several students to pounce upon one and subject him to indignities. Boys with no light in their brain can do as well as that. When our forebears stole the chapel bell and shaved the tails of horses they were doing what could be done by a Congo savage or an Australian bushman. The student to-day may not be more intellectual than he formerly was, but he has a finer sense of humor. He would not laugh

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at puttied keyholes, but he would laugh to think of himself puttying a keyhole at midnight. He has better fun than turning in that street.

Genuine students have become the truest democrats. They claim no special privileges on account of who they are. They ask no odds and they want a fair field for all. In athletics they have learned to be sportsmen. A sportsman does not hit below the belt or strike when one is down. That spirit is being carried over into all the college work and out into the world. In being a gentleman, the genuine student challenges the world. His business is to get good and to do good; and he drives to the end of the Corso without turning.

THE VACATION

It is a fine art to spend a vacation properly. No one can get much out of a vacation who does not wisely prepare for it; and by preparation I do not refer to the clothes, the packing of trunks and the consultation of railway guides. A friend of mine went with a party on a two-weeks' vacation, taking with him a jaunty handbag that contained what it could contain and nothing more. He had the most wonderful outing of all, not knowing where his friends were going and not caring. He left his business, care, and responsibility behind; he vacated, and that is a preparation one should always make. When you take the usual work with you, you are simply trying to do two jobs at once. That is why so many people need a convalescence after a vacation.

It is an inner preparation rather than an outer; too much attention to the outer will destroy every virtue which a vacation should

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have. When one is burdened by impedimenta it is not a vacation; clothes and conventions and worries will see that no good comes out of it. Get a divorce from responsibility and cares; divest yourself of the burdens, customs, and upholstery which civilization has hung upon you; be a child with eager joy and wonder written over your face and in your soul. Carry the spirit of holy day with you; look into the eyes of nature and laugh for the sheer joy of living in her presence and thank her for being so beautiful and so prodigal. You are out to discover another world, to make other acquaintances and to give experience a new birth.

There is still more antecedent preparation for a good vacation. A person ought to be tired. A vacation should rest and invigorate one, but how can the unwearied rest and how can the unspent be restored? Secreted about everyone there should be a conscience which will make an unearned vacation bitter. An elemental law is outraged when an idler goes off to rest. The seashore and the mountains do not belong to him: he

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is a parasite, an anachronism, and a travesty. No wonder honest folks laugh—and are amazed at the mercy of God. But the vacation avenges itself upon such: it refuses to have any friendly transactions with the wastrel and he returns as blasé and as unreconstructed as before.

You students are now to have a vacation period. I hope everyone is dog-tired; and when you reach home, I trust you will chatter like magpies for several hours, learning all that has happened in the family since Christmas—how Johnny and Mary are doing in the public school, what the crop prospects are, whether the old dog still twitches his feet before the fire, and if mother finds the new stove quite satisfactory. Kiss the folks good-night and sleep for ten hours. In the morning—not too late in the morning—the young women should roll up their sleeves, go into the kitchen, and show mother a trick or two about a daughter's love. And the young men should convince a doubting father that a college education makes one keen to work. A father always has a fear

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that college will make his son lazy, and a mother is worried lest he be overworked.

You will have a good vacation by giving a vacation to someone else. You are leaving certain things, bothersome things perhaps, and going into delightful experiences; you easily can give delightful experiences to others and thereby multiply by two or more the value of this ten-day vacation. That is a continent of possibilities worth exploring. The man who always wishes to get usually succeeds in getting and then discovers that he has bankrupted himself, not being able to enjoy what he has. A collegian surely should avoid making an obviously bad bargain.

Perhaps you have earned a vacation of a day or two of another kind. The American student can learn a pleasant method from the English and German students. First acquaint yourself with a rucksack. Get one and throw a few things into it. Do not pack things into a rucksack: throw them in. Put it upon your back and start out not knowing where you are going and, above all, not car-

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ing. Go in any direction and keep going. Do not plan to go anywhere, do not care to go anywhere, but go like a cultured vagabond. Stop when you meet a man and engage him in conversation; let him tell his story and admit him into your experiences. When you are tired and hungry from tip to toe, sit under the trees and take from the rucksack the bit of bread and cheese, being properly thankful if you have that. Enjoy it in deliberate gustatory ecstasy and after a time, go on.

“There’s a fir-wood here, and a dogrose
there,
And a note of the mating dove;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm, blue
sea,
And the warm white clouds above.”

Take a book with you, not to be read, but as an evidence that literature, though neglected, has your approval. Mark Twain says that a good way to spend a holiday is to lie under a tree with a book, but a better way is to lie under a tree without a book.

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Still it is perfectly proper for a student to carry a book as a kind of credential. When night falls, stop at a farmhouse or at the village hotel and enter into the life you find there. And life is there: human cross-currents, human filing cabinets, human encyclopedias; they are to be explored with delicate tact and unadulterated sincerity of heart. Again be a questioner; people like to talk about themselves and if you give them the opportunity they will think of you as being wise and admit you into the wisdom of life.

“Come out—a bundle and stick is all
You’ll need to carry along,
If your heart can carry a kindly word,
And your lips can carry a song.”

If you are due to be home next day, turn face about and wander, stopping at the streams to inquire whence they come, what their mission is, and whither they are going. Interrogate the birds and the trees, and let the clouds have a message for you; sing to them and so go on and on, a care-free, joy-

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ous minstrel with face and soul upturned. When you get home you will be tired and as glad as a laughing child. A man who cannot be happy when alone with the thousand things out of doors should solicitously take counsel of his inner self. Henry S. Canby says, "The city dweller reads or hears fifty thousand words a day." May heaven protect you from the curse of this pitiless pelt-ing and give you the ability and wish often to be alone. If you are worth anything, you should be worth it to yourself. To be a good companion to others requires you to be a good companion to yourself.

This vacation should have a meaning like that for you; and when you return to the school ten days hence you will be refreshed and reinvigorated by happy memories, with pleasure singing in your heart because you have been with the people you love and because you have told them that you love them. God bless you as you go and as you come back.

INVISIBLE CURRENCY.

A PROFESSOR in a small college was recently invited to a position in a great university at a salary more than two times as much as he is now receiving. It was a just recognition of his ability and the man would have worthily worn the honors of a professorship so distinguished. To the surprise of his friends he declined the offer. They thought he ought to accept it, and reminded him of the salary and the distinction. He replied that he was then receiving more than the university could pay and that his present honors were also greater. He explained by saying that he did not take all his salary in money and that his honors were a secret between him and his students.

It is well to remind ourselves that it is possible both to make and to receive payments in that which is not money. College students need but open their eyes to see such transfers taking place. The true teacher is

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never paid by money only; neither is anyone who renders the greatest service to others. Gratitude supplements the pay-check; affection brings an offering; sweet friendship makes its measureless contribution. One always discovers a strange joy in augmenting the progress of another, in finding one's labor transmuted into that by which another lives more truly and greatly. These are compensations which fall upon the soul and nowhere else can have effect. There is a money which is minted in the secret places of the spirit from whence alone proceed those high rewardings which transfigure men.

Some people know little about these transactions and they would think the professor foolish. But it is those who do such illogical things who fulfill the truer logic. The mother belongs to the class who cannot be paid in money. Were it possible to do so, the tenderness and wooing wonder of sublimated sacrifice would depart and leave mankind less rich in unbought goodness than beasts who love their young uncalculatingly. The physician who guards the health of an

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obscure community, giving his skill for little money, when he could have distinction and riches in a city, takes much of his pay in currency which has no rating at the banks. The minister, the missionary—all who serve sincerely without expectation of large material returns have access to spiritual transactions which make the bargainings of the visible as cheap and mean as the haggings of the gutter. These are they who do not take all their reward in money, are they who are acquainted with the unaccountable coin which is the circulating medium in the unseen realms.

We have intimations of what is taking place within them. Somewhere they have seen a vision and have heard a call; somewhere they have come face to face with great spiritual imperatives and have clasped hands with the exponents of light and freedom and righteousness. And they have found a recompense which has sustained and thrilled them.

Doubtless the choice was not easy, but I cannot pity them. They have made a good

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bargain; they have taken their powers and, instead of using them to get tangible wealth, have used them for the increase of the spirit. It is the exchange of iron for gold, the renunciation of the temporal for the timeless, the turning of matter into living power.

We do not pity them, for this is the law of God that wherever there is a renunciation of the lower for the higher there is a corresponding increase of joy. Whoever surrenders what is legitimately his in order to do a work which can only be done by such renunciation lifts himself into a loftier realm of satisfaction. Jesus never pitied himself, and Saint Paul rejoiced, bidding all who followed in Christ's way to be exceedingly glad. In some degree that which makes it possible for men to be saints and martyrs is in all of us; maybe unrecognized, not consciously valued, yet still there. And it is forever true that that which a man refuses to take for himself, that which he turns from in order to do a righteous service, is the thing that comes back to him in sustaining hundredfold reward.

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The initial decision must be hard to make, or many more would make it. In the face of opportunity to win honor and wealth it tests one to prefer payment in the unseen. Few will blame a man for taking what is legally his own, and many will deride him for not doing so; but the man with any spark of nobleness in him will not demand all he has a right to take. He will see that there is something better, something which will never come to pass unless he makes the surrender.

The man of to-day carries a tremendous debt of obligation. Of him that hath much shall much be required. And the past in every generation has not failed to create and to send forward some good thing. There have always been a few souls dedicated to laying stepping-stones. The story of the slow and tragically expensive unfolding of freedom in thought, speech, and act gives one a feeling of confidence in man's unerring destiny and awes one with a sense of responsibility. Untold martyrdoms have given the world a religion of purity and power; sci-

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ence has learned to employ the forces of nature in a way that bestows comfort, might, and leisure on the race; and education is the free boon to the civilized everywhere.

In other days there were some men who did not take all for themselves, and this that is our wealth has come from them. He is bereft of gratitude and pride who is not moved to join the noble company which planted, though they knew they should not gather. But they did gather! They heard the song of coming grateful generations and saw the picture of a world with more of manfulness and justice, with less of squalor and despair.

The professor who had the holy boldness to choose intangible values did a wise thing. He too broke the alabaster box, full of precious ointment, and its perfume is sweet refreshment to all who know. The man most to be pitied in the world is he who is taking all his pay in money. He whose vision is so clouded that he cannot see the invisible is living the unaccountable tragedy of perpetual loss. I want you men and women

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to turn away from such a loss. You are made of better stuff; and if you use the better stuff you are made of, there will be springs of perennial refreshment in what otherwise were desert lands. And your joy will be such that no man taketh from you.

A LITTLE BEHINDHAND

IN my youth John B. Gough was one of the greatest living exponents of temperance. The heat of his eloquence was sublimely compelling and the work he wrought lives to this day. Mr. Gough was never known as an anatomist and yet he uniquely expressed a thought which has an anatomical twist. He discovered that many people have three hands: a right hand, a left hand and a little "behindhand." The first two are useful members of the body, but the little "behindhand" has caused as many disappointments, failures, and catastrophes as anything we can recall.

Lord Byron said, "Beware of dawdling." The word is not used frequently, but its meaning should be well known to the student as something to avoid. Time is the most precious thing one has: "idly busy rolls their world away." If one wastes money or health, if one loses friends there is the pos-

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sibility of regaining them. Time is never regained. The person who is behindhand is the wickedest waster known. He defrauds himself and cheats society. He is the fraction of a man in using only a fraction of his wealth, and he robs others of what he should have contributed to them. "I wish to preach," said Roosevelt, "the doctrine of the strenuous life."

By what specious reasoning does a man justify himself in not doing what he has decided or agreed to do at the time appointed? The postponement of any duty is admitting the camel's head into the tent: even a man's character is revealed and his future charted by the way he gets up in the morning. A little more sleep, a little more slumber starts the day off with a palliative and one's faculties do not recover from the opiate of indulgence. To bound from the bed on tiptoes, to bathe and dress as if for an impending battle, to shake muscle and nerve awake by vigorous exercise is to insure one a day of alertness and accomplishment.

A student in checking over with me his

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daily schedule allowed himself an hour for dressing. He required five minutes for selecting and tying his scarf. Such ponderous seriousness over a matter of this kind is ludicrous and pitiable. Being unable or unwilling to place things in a proper scale of values, he had little time for college work, and this institution knows him no more. A student who ordinarily allows more than fifteen minutes between Morpheus and Epicurus is doomed, and he who cannot in an emergency meet the breakfast engagement in a third of the time is a one-talent man.

Every day should be regarded as a great event. So much can happen to you in twenty-four hours; likewise very little will happen if you do not resolve that something shall happen. You can have a conversation with Burke which may forever alter your political horizon. You can get acquainted with Titian in a day, travel to Central Africa with Livingstone, visit Edison in his laboratory or hear John Bright in Parliament. You can dawdle over the newspaper, somnambulate with a fiction magazine, yawn

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over Cæsar, hibernate in a classroom, gossip, stretch, dream, dilly-dally, postpone, excuse, waste and still think you are a Christian, which sober sense says you are not unless Heaven be more forgiving than this busy world.

To be behindhand is to defeat the present and mortgage the future. The present has a purpose; delay allows it to move on, past overtaking. Every moment offers a gift which, like a ripe fruit, must then be gathered or be lost. "The moving finger writes; and, having writ, moves on." A prompt reply to a letter is essentially different from the tardy answer. Like mercy it blesses the recipient and the sender. When it is delayed there may be loss to him who waits. And it inflicts a penalty on the procrastinator: he must excuse, he must deceive himself and waste energy in thinking about it from day to day. He regrets his postponement, wishes he had been prompt. He puts a poison in his blood by futile penitence.

The student who dawdles at his tasks need never hope to be more than tolerated in a

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patient world. When he is driven to study by the lashes of conscience or the fear of failure, he is in a condition of danger. He is on the verge of rebellion, in the process of strangling ambition and of drifting into inconsequentialness. Interest, zeal, zest are the essentials of accomplishment. Resolve not to be driven; determine to be led by a passion for the cause. Under the surface of every duty is something glorious, and the student ought to seek it until he finds it. Allurements lurk in the commonplace and the seeking spirit can discover them. Latin need not be dull: fundamental words are as full of fascinating mystery as the birth of a child. They are sounds seized from the free air and compounded into substances which compose the universe of thought. Subject the drab clod to a chemical analysis and it resolves itself into racial history—hope, ambition, eloquence, toil, grief, aspiration—all the elements of the experiencing human soul. Is economics a dead weight? Give it wings by discovering in the subject the age-long struggle of human hands to

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print a chart of principles which will enable men to produce and exchange and live together in plenty, security, and development. Lift up your eyes to what is beyond the hill crest. Because you know the inner soul of words you will speak with accuracy, confidence, and authority. Because you are acquainted with principles, dug from the mines of human experience, you will sail upon a charted sea with a shining pole star. Behold the future and know that the present decides what it shall mean to you.

There is everything to nerve and thrill a student if he will but have eyes that see. Wealth, wealth of mind is his, inner treasure to feed and garnish his life. If he but knew it, he is a starving man seizing food, a miser gathering pearls, a poet among delectable mountains, a soul in the midst of revelations.

A man promised to meet me yesterday at eight o'clock. He arrived half an hour late. He explained that he had overslept. His explanation was a condemnation. The extra thirty minutes he slept was my time: he wasted it for me. I am glad to have him

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refreshed, but I do not want him to use up what is mine and also break his own word. A committee waits ten minutes for the chairman; six men together lose an hour and encourage themselves in impatient conversation. Lucan is right in saying that delay "always injures those who are prepared"; and he who is the cause of that delay pays a price beyond his reckoning.

THE DOOR KEY

WHEN we returned from a camping trip last summer it was found that we could not enter the house. Through carelessness the key had been misplaced; but there had been no carelessness about locking the windows and every outside door. They held like adamant and the cellar entrance seemed to have been fortified.

The house is rather large and contained much that we greatly desired at the time. We were thinking of a warm bath and laundered linen, the luxury of sitting at a table with food, over which there were no crawling ants or bugs. We were thinking of a bed not upon the ground and not made of ferns and balsam boughs. We also thought of some books that had been neglected for ten days. The outing had been delightful, but it was ended; and when has one returned from a camp to the home and not been thankful! Yet the house refused to admit

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us just because we could not placate a stubborn whim by presenting a key. We could have offered it several fishing rods, a gun, an ax, a portable stove; but we knew that none of these things would lessen its demand. It would have scorned the idea of accepting the automobile key or the garage key: it had decided to have its own key or to have nothing to do with us.

It seemed ridiculous and unjust. We had given the house all that it had and yet we were denied the use of anything until we had produced an ounce of steel. We could look through the windows and see the things that were ours, but the door defied us to touch one of them. It was so outrageous that we laughed—and then found the key. It was in an obscure pocket which no tailor should ever think of attaching to one's trousers. Presenting the key, the door swung back in grand obeisance and bade us welcome to all which was refused a moment before.

I knew a man who was the graduate of a great university. He was handsome, his

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manner was most gracious, he was well born and his talents were many. Ancestry had given him good blood, high standing, and large opportunity; he himself had acquired scholarship and an achieving ability. He had a position of honor and influence, and the future eagerly called for him. One day it was discovered that he had lost the key to the house of his life. He was shut out from his wealth and the use of his inner possessions. Do what he could, it was impossible for him to break through to where he might enjoy his talents or position; an inexorable condition demanded the key and he did not have it. It was the key of temperance. I think he never found it. When I last saw him he was a vagrant because he was not the master of his own habitation. His spirit was broken and he moved like a man who in some delirium had slain his children. Strange, is it not? that all things should depend on one thing, and that thing always offering itself to be taken.

A certain graduate of this school was desired for a position of importance. He

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seemed to have all of the qualifications required—scholarship, personality, character, common sense; but he was not chosen. Later I was shown a letter he had written to the firm in answer to an inquiry. It contained a misspelled word and an ink blot—marks of carelessness. The prospective employer regarded these blemishes as the possible sign of an inner defect and the young man missed his chance. A house is not the only thing which is closed to those, however much they wish to enter, who do not possess the key.

There are men and women here who will miss greatness by a hair's breadth. Every one of you will coin many a dream into the fine gold of reality. Day by day you will carry some good possession into the house where you live. One day it will be a just and holy thought which will intoxicate you with a high and enduring courage. Another day it will be a purpose fashioned a bit better to serve yourselves and others. Again it will be the uncovering of an unsuspected talent or the consciousness of growth in

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power. There will be friendships and habits, new awakenings and the set recognition of spiritual imperatives. The very business of these years is to furnish the house with beautiful and usable wealth.

Then you may lose the key. It will not be the same for all of you. Sustained industry may be the key needed by some to make available the stores within the house. Others will need honesty, or purity, or good judgment, or continuity, or sympathy, or something else. Happy is he who has keys to every room and who provides them early in the day. And they are never found in an obscure pocket.

If the dwelling holds little or nothing of value, it does not greatly matter about the key. The house at the camp was a tent. It contained almost nothing. It would not have made much difference whether we were inside or outside. The door was a flapping canvas, tied by a string. In a real house the lack of a key shuts one out; and, however humble, the house may yet be one's home, the center of family love, and the abode of

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refreshing peace. The house of life is always of supreme value to the owner. It contains all that he is; and if he may not use the gifts of inner wealth, he is undone. Then hope and ambition and power die and are chained like corpses to what may still remain alive.

The possibilities of failure are so many that one wonders how any person succeeds. Probably no man has ever filled all the rooms of his house as he should, or fully used all that he had; and some rooms have never been entered, while the keys to others have been lost.

A careful man looks after his keys as well as his treasures. It is a suggestive parallelism which regards religion as the ring which keeps all the keys together and allows none to be lost. The true office of religion is to bring out the whole nature of man and to preserve it harmoniously intact. It will do more than anything else to cause a man sacredly to value health, industry, purity, wisdom, and righteousness. It will constantly remind him of their essential worth

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and provide a great motive for protecting and strengthening them. The Latins have a significant proverb, "Who will guard the guards?" The master guard of all the guards of life is religion. It throws a warmth around every virtue and drops invigoration like showers upon the will and conscience.

A LIVING WAGE

THERE is much discussion of the living wage because it deeply and constantly affects every person. One's income may represent the difference between mere physical existence and a life replete with opportunities for growth and happiness. Interpreted by some, a living wage is the minimum income required to support a man and his dependents in normal physical condition. Those with an appreciation of the meaning of the two great commandments would increase the income and its consequent privileges to the degree that their "love" suggests.

The subject has a very practical meaning to the undergraduate student as he chooses a vocation. Many of you are impelled to enter altruistic vocations where wealth may not be expected, but you are unwilling to forego the reasonable requirements for comfort, efficiency, and independence. Your

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devotion to good purposes and your fine courage will lead you to any measure of self-abandonment in a great crisis; but in the ordinary course of making your contribution to society you demand a material compensation which will remove fear and want. How much should that be?

A number of elements enter into the answer. What would be a sufficient income for one person would not be for another; and a good income in one locality would be quite inadequate elsewhere. A person accustomed to a bountiful scale of living cannot be as contented under limitations as one who has known only the fewest privileges. A woman reared in a home of luxury, refinement, and leisure will need more to satisfy her legitimate desires than the person who never has had more than the meagerest comforts and opportunities. I do not commend a life of luxury, but habits, taste, custom, surroundings, and social standards are factors to be considered in the problem.

Marriage necessarily introduces a further element. Optimistic college youth, who

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allow the wish to be the father of pleasant thoughts, may believe that two can live as inexpensively as one. If this be granted for the sake of avoiding argument, the genial proponents will certainly not think that a man and wife with several children will need no more than a bachelor. I would modestly and confidently suggest that you divorce your mind from the idea that the two souls with but a single thought and the two hearts that beat as one do not have two stomachs to be fed and two bodies to be clothed. A heartless corporation, like a railroad, will ask for two tickets, the usher at the opera will do the same, the dentist will find twice as many teeth to bore into and will collect accordingly. I am not discouraging matrimony; I am encouraging fortitude and foresight.

But what is a proper income? One cannot answer except in the most general terms. I should think, however, that in a city like this a college man could safely marry after he has an assured position and a salary of eighteen hundred dollars. To live on that

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will require economy, inventiveness, and forbearing co-operation—qualities which ought to be acquired. The income should annually increase two hundred dollars until it is not less than three thousand dollars and not more than six thousand dollars. I am persuaded that the greatest amount of happiness and of essential personal service are found in the neighborhood of such incomes. There is enough to allow some savings and not enough to permit luxury, idleness, or worry because of riches. There will not be enough to satiate desire, and hence there will always remain a keen appreciation of what you get, for if you always have what you want, you will soon not want what you have. Appetite can be preserved only by periods of hunger.

It also remains true that plain living is the usual companion of high thinking, and the latter is worth the price. The relationship, however, is not causal: there is much plain living unaccompanied by any semblance to high thinking, and there are instances of luxurious living associated with

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creative thought; but the exceptions are only enough to prove the rule. If, therefore, you are to join the thoughtful class and find your joys in culture, you will do so because you positively wish it: a modest income will not prevent you, it will only encourage you to do so by preventing you from doing something else.

Saint Paul uttered a wise word about prosperity and adversity, and there is a prayer pronounced by one of old that he might be delivered both from poverty and from wealth. Too much of either is a source of anxiety and distracts from the main objective. The trouble is that a little of the one is too much for most of us and we appear never to have enough of the other. Here is where good sense and decision are needed. You have to make up your mind about what you want. I take it that a real college man can get rich if he inexorably wills to do so, but I shall count this institution as having failed with anyone who has that as the controlling passion. If, however, you have some compelling conception of service you will

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need an attitude of spirit which will make you superior to things. If you have it not, your service will weaken and you will be discontented. A man must be contented; only thus can he use what he has in order to do what he ought to do, but he should not be contented because he is insensible or indifferent or complacent. Contentment should come through the use and enjoyment of what one has. A man who cannot enjoy what he has because he has not more is hunting happiness upon the wrong trail. Satisfaction is reached by the rational control of desire, for uncontrolled desire always outruns acquisition and leads to perpetual disappointment.

Unless the heart is rich, money will never confer satisfaction. Having good food, clothing, and a proper house, a man can find the truest wealth at no expense. He has his books and music, friends and the worship of God, the clear sky by day and the thousand stars at night. The landscape is his, the song of birds and the smile of children. He can have the joy of honest work and the

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delights of family love. Friendships and the rewarded services of a kindly nature will be treasures to one's soul. I would have this wealth and let it be a constant minister to my better self. Thoreau made a trial of simple living and pronounced it good. It is good if the inner man be good and great. I am saying that the happiest and most useful life for the majority is to be found where modest material circumstances are the sustaining agencies of an exalted spirit.

BLACK BANANAS

A BANANA with a black skin is not properly clothed, anyone will say. It is like a preacher in overalls. Yet the sermon may be as good as if he were garbed in broadcloth. I really prefer yellow bananas, but not long ago, when wanting some, I found that the grocer had only those which were discolored. In my youth black bananas were cheaper than those of golden color and the price led me to take those within the reach of my purse. They proved to be good, and I still have a friendly feeling toward the unattractive black banana if it is sound. The attitude seems to be justifiable, for I never consume the skins any more than I eat the shell of an egg or the box that is around the dates.

On the street last week I was overtaken by a man who, externally, would have qualified for membership in trampdom. There was nothing attractive in his appearance; his

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clothing was worn and frayed, his face had long been a stranger to the razor and his hands seemed to have shunned the basin for several days. He slackened his pace as he came up with me and I looked into his eyes. They were smiling with good humor. I also smiled, and said, "It is a nice day"; and he replied, "It's a peach of a day."

The look upon his countenance and the look I tried to put upon mine made us friends immediately. We talked about the weather. Have you ever thought how necessary it is to have weather? We could not get on without it. It is the world's greatest common introducer; it makes us acquainted under all circumstances. In this instance, suppose there had been no weather and we had been obliged to commence the conversation by talking of something else. I could have turned to him and asked what he thought of the Four Power Pact, or I might have asked his opinion of Einstein's theory. He could have said to me, "Sir, what do you think of an excess of vitamins in one's diet?" and we should have remained strangers. We

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could not be friends, or make friends, without weather. We can always agree about the weather; we may dislike it, but only a Carlyle will grow heated in discussing it.

We agreed that it was a beautiful day; and I said, "It is so clear one can see the mountains."

"Yes; do you know Mount Hood?" he asked.

"I have seen it many times and been near to its summit. It is a wonderful mountain. How high is it?"

"Nineteen thousand, four hundred and seventy-six feet," he answered instantly.

"That is a good deal of a mountain for Oregon. Do you know Mount Jefferson, and is it as high?"

"I know it like a book; it's fourteen thousand, seven hundred and seventy-two feet high."

"In what direction are they from here?" I questioned.

"Mount Hood's over there." And he pointed. "Mount Jefferson's yonder." And his arm swung in another direction. I could

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have truthfully contradicted him in all of these statements, but he was the teacher, I was his pupil; and he is a wise student who does not know more than his professor.

"Do I like Oregon!" he exclaimed in reply to my inquiry. "Why, it is the greatest State in the greatest country in the greatest universe. The climate is perfect, the people are a chosen race and it is the place for an intelligent man to live."

"It is a choice State and God is good to the people of this great republic," I responded. "And this is Washington's Birthday."

"Yes, Washington's Birthday." He struck an attitude, placed his hand over his heart and said, "Look at me. You behold a man who has stood in the presence of the tomb of George Washington. I saw it; I took off my hat; I bowed reverently before the sacred ashes of that great benefactor of the world. I thank God he ever gave George Washington to America."

Again we were in agreement, and we talked of Washington. At last I said,

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"Your conversation leads me to believe that you are not only a patriot, but a Christian."

"A patriot and a Christian are the same thing; you cannot be one and not the other. Christian? Why shouldn't I be a Christian? God is everywhere. I see him in those mountains and I hear him in the voice of Washington coming down through the years. A man who isn't a Christian simply ain't got sense. I don't blame him; I pity him, and God maybe will let him into heaven by the side door."

Our ways separated and we parted as friends. I have met him a number of times since, passing him on the street. We smile at each other, and our hearts are warmed; of that I am sure. He is a banana with a dark skin, but I have felt him and he is sound and firm. His heart is right; I am confident he is a good citizen, although his grammar is not perfect and I have felt obliged to be his translator for you. He is not accurate in what he thinks he knows; he overestimates some things and he may be ignorant of much that you have learned, but at the core he is

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true and I have no doubt that he is a faithful neighbor. He has the smile upon his face, that sign of affability which proceeds from a warm heart, and he waves the signal boldly. He is a Christian because he spoke reverently of God and modestly indicated that he tried to do justly and love mercy.

One can never tell by the clothes a man wears what is going on in his brain and soul. A decorous, yellow-skinned banana usually commands a higher rating, but if this man had been dressed in broadcloth and had been swinging a cane, I should not have dared to say, "Good morning; it is a fine day," and I should have missed much. Had he been fastidiously garbed, such pleasant things would probably not have been singing in his heart. He certainly would not have said, "It's a peach of a day," and we could not have become acquainted at all.

In buying bananas it is wise to examine them; and in estimating the worth of a man it is proper to get into his soul before the final appraisal is made.

IN THE PROCESSION

A RECENT magazine gives an interesting account of the precautions that were taken to insure the physical safety of the delegates who were attending the Limitation of Armaments Conference in Washington. Secret service men were near them constantly; and as they went from their hotels or other places of residence, each headed a procession of policemen; as they slept the doors of their rooms were guarded by watchmen. They could go nowhere without being trailed by someone who was charged with the responsibility of protecting them.

The extreme precautions became an inconvenience to some and it is said that a number of the distinguished visitors stole away incognito and went out to see the city of Washington like ordinary citizens who need no guard. Yet I fancy it was not wholly unpleasant to feel that they were of sufficient importance to be especially pro-

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tected. And they were important, important to their nations and to the success of the Conference.

The picture of Mr. Balfour and the others being followed by a group of protectors leads one to think of the way it happens that every person is at the head of a procession. Someone is watching you, not a secret service man definitely detailed for that purpose, I hope; but someone is always noting what you say and do, and is more or less consciously trailing after you. There may be no disposition for us to be offended by this, perhaps we feel a bit flattered; but there is a tendency to underrate the effect of the examples we are offering. We modestly minimize our influence and sometimes we depreciate it for the very purpose of lessening responsibility. We tell ourselves that no one cares, that we are negligible; but no real or assumed diffidence can release one from obligation. You may as well make up your mind to it: somebody is going to catch what you have. It is Shakespeare who reminds us that "wise bearing and ignorant

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carriage is caught as men take disease, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company."

A teacher in the public school asked the lads whom they wanted to be like when they grew to be men. George Washington, Lincoln, Napoleon, Roosevelt, Rockefeller, and others were named as ideals; but John said he wanted to be a Bill Smith. Smith was the village vagrant, tramp and ne'er-do-well. He was, however, John's hero because Smith was a cheerful story-teller, a pal of the boys on hikes and an authority in the science of playing marbles and fishing. I suppose Smith would have been as surprised as the teacher was had this revelation been made to him. He would have laughed gloriously at the idea of anyone choosing him as a model and following after him. And yet it might have sobered him.

Thackeray says, "There is not an Irishman in the world who is so poor that he is not supporting a poorer Irishman somewhere." And there is not a person anywhere who is so humble or so outcast as not to

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swing the needle of another's life and make it point toward the pole of his personality.

It is equally true that everyone also follows. If each of us leads a procession, each one likewise is following in a procession. Where did you get your ambition, thoughts, and purposes? Did you of your own initiative choose the way of wearing your hair, those ties like Joseph's many-colored coat, and the cuff on your trousers? Like the mingled rays from a myriad suns, our motives come from a thousand sources. Few deliberately consider how they are influenced by their fellows, and still fewer give any heed to selecting friends and other modifying forces as they really ought to be chosen. What is done by another comes into your eyes and ears, enters your mind and then is expressed in the outward practice. A man cannot well choose the persons who will follow him, but it is possible for him to pick out the procession in which he will march.

I suppose every college student has his wagon hitched to a star; he has some goal in life, or day-to-day object in view. It is

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rather important to pick out the right kind of star. Fourier declares that one's destiny is determined by one's attractions, that a man is made by what he wants. It does not seem that the money or pleasure or power we seek should thus react upon our souls, but it does; and we are blind as stones not to ask ourselves seriously if we wish to be like what we want.

An act never stays on the outside. The ancient Greek discovered that when he performed an action, however base, he sought to justify himself for doing it. A deed is the forerunner of a mental reaction which seeks to approve it; and the difficulty in quitting a bad habit lies in the person's having persuaded himself that for him it is a good habit. It is easy to play tricks on ourselves. Even Spurgeon did it when a friend protested against his advocacy of the Liberal party. "You ought to mortify the Old Man within you and not yield to this weakness," said his friends. "I do mortify him," replied Spurgeon. "My Old Man is a Tory and I make him vote Liberal. That mortifies him."

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Bishop Selwyn justified himself in lying abed until late by saying, "I did once rise early, but I felt so vain all the morning and so sleepy all the afternoon that I determined not to do it again." Thus he humbled pride and cultivated the grace of humility.

These are facetious examples, but they have their serious parallels in your life and mine, showing that it is pretty hard to set a good example to oneself. Others make us and we make others; what we think leads to action and our action leads to thinking. The world of persons is in quite a jumble of interactions. I do not wonder that it is difficult to attain a balanced, safe, and constructive life; but it is the one thing infinitely worth the cost.

Every person needs a leader who can blaze a safe trail. And this points to the amazing fact that there is the Perfect Example in whose train all are invited to go. There are ways by which one can get acquainted with him, even to knowing much of the Master's heart and mind; and the fellowship engenders a strange strength which enables one

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to do the superhuman thing. He is not here in the flesh; but that he is here none can doubt who makes honest proof. It is good to know what plan and method he has for the lives we are to live, and it is good to realize that he will lead in the achievement of every task enjoined.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

EVERY person wishes to know the meaning of life, and especially what it should mean for him. People widely disagree about its meaning because they disagree in their choice of values; but I think every life-purpose finally resolves itself into a search for happiness, and nothing is more amazing than the diverse and contradictory routes along which we go upon the quest.

Men receive happiness from work and from leisure; it comes with travel and by remaining at home; it is found in giving and in receiving; it is discovered in public service and in unobserved toil; it is to be had in the crowd and in solitude. There is honey in every flower, and man is able to extract it if he determines to do so. Some of you recall that Gallios was exiled to Lesbos, and even there found so much pleasure that the Roman Senate in order to make the punishment real revoked the decree of exile and sen-

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tenced him to go home to his wife. If Mrs. Gallios be not judged too harshly we may believe that the blithesome man still continued to find a measure of satisfying happiness even with her. The world is a veritable treasury of things new and old, and contains enough to delight the heart of every normal person.

Yet the notion persists that this world is a vale of tears, and that it is neither in good taste nor religious to be happy under the circumstances. It appears strange that the Christian religion should continue a cult which teaches that God is better pleased to see his children sad than joyful. It is easy to understand the influences which moved the more primitive man to practice asceticism and to make painful pilgrimages: he was habituated to kings who were to be placated and appeased by a distressful people, and naturally he thought of God in similar terms.

I hope you will not fear to be happy. God is a God of joy and the great purpose is to bring man into that relationship with him

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and with one another which will afford complete happiness. We must recognize that there are different planes of happiness, some shamefully low, and it is the will of God that men should seek for the high levels.

Joy is under our own control. It comes not by wishing or journeying or toiling. The preparation is within ourselves, and, when prepared, we find it already in our hearts. It dwells with those who have simplicity of spirit. Simplicity is the fair path between too little and too much; and as to whether we have too little or too much depends on how we think of it. When life demands an excessive amount of upholstery there is infinite grief. Rows of silverware beside the plate add nothing to the taste of food. Simplicity is destroyed by rivalry; and when happiness comes only from leading the pack, but one can win. Because a woman has an Oriental rug is no reason at all why her neighbor should have one. Because you play golf, should I give up horseshoes and marbles? The rivalry of affluence lines people up in a contest for clothes, houses, money

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and what not, whirling them away from the sincere pleasure that is near them. They have not the mind or the courage to think and act with independence; and happiness is smothered by things.

The great rewards of life belong to those who live sparingly. They taste every molecule of their food and keep the senses sharp by avoiding surfeit. The last half of a glutton's meal is pure foolery. He who takes of anything a little less than he wants preserves the edge of appetite; he who takes a little more dulls it. Micawber's counsel to spend nineteen shillings out of the pound rather than twenty-one illustrates a principle of wide application.

A vast amount of dissatisfaction is the result of thinking that we will be happy if we can get what makes another person happy. It does not follow, and it cannot be so until people are much more alike. If the truth were told about it—as it often is not told—there are many persons utterly bored by grand opera. They do not like it, for they have not yet attained the grand-

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opera plane. Shrimp cocktail and caviar have aristocratic standing, yet most guests, if more truth were told, would prefer cabbage and boiled ham; but who is going to say so? Pride and the fear of being considered peculiar or uncultured oblige us to think we enjoy a thing because someone else raves over it.

Much legitimate happiness is destroyed by vague and unwholesome imaginings. You allow yourself to picture dreadful possibilities—failure in class and examination, sickness at home, crop disasters, bankruptcy; you see corrupt politics, a decaying church, and a world upon the verge of ruin. It is easy to call up devils which will blot out every splendor and with their threnodies silence the pæans of joy. Heal a sick imagination with good health, reason and common sense. But do not kill it. It is the mother of discovery, research, initiative; it is the radiant artist who covers the commonplace with beauty; it is the pioneer who to-day plunges into the future.

A college is a training place for happi-

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ness. Nothing is so sad as the man with no mind, no imagination, no spirit—whose flesh is the one source of pleasure. A student, if at all noble, lifts himself out of that stratum by finding joy in books, art, music, cultured fellowship, in appreciating qualities which dwell in the soul. If your college fails to do this for you, you will miss life's sweetest resources.

Until men hold true to their individuality, their satisfactions will too much depend on false ideals and circumstances. Enough of the right kind of things to serve the best within us is the secret of perennial joy.

In this connection, the example of Christ is singularly helpful. What a simple life he lived, and how much joy he received from commonplace contacts! The flowers of the field, the birds in the air, the beasts on the plain, the rippling water and ordinary men! So he went the way of inner vision, lifting himself up until there was supremest joy in utmost sacrifice. That sort of training is possible, and unless we get it the real satisfactions of life will forever tantalize, elude,

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and escape. We are made to be happy. The world is a gallery of masterpieces, an infinite symphony, an unending poem, an exquisite drama, a glimpse of glory, the threshold of heaven. Be ragged, but shout; shed tears and sing; toil, with the face turned upward.

THE COMMENCER

A FRIEND who is officially connected with an Indian agency recently told me that a number of the Indians suddenly became thoroughly put out with their automobiles and were ready to sell or to trade them without regard to the loss they might sustain. In answer to the agent's inquiry, the spokesman of the group said, "We have seen an automobile with a commencer and we want automobiles that have commencers." Automobiles that have commencers!

Who does not know too much about automobiles without commencers! To start one in the cold or mud or hot dust is to test a man within and without and no person who is your friend will ever ask you to attempt it. It is a service to be performed only by one who wants to borrow money from him who sits at the wheel. There are men who have no commencers, and they much resemble an automobile which does not have that

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wonderful adjunct. Something is deficient in their temperament or training which does not permit them to be promptly self-initiating and self-controlling. No gift of prophecy is required to tell what their end will be.

When one scrutinizes the careers of successful men and women, intent to discover the human factors in achievement, one finds that the result is largely due to the power of prompt reaction and the ability to commence without hesitation. When an act is begun it is well on the way toward completion; to "take the instant by the forward top" is to exact the greatest returns from both time and energy. Not to know what to do and not to do the thing resolutely when once decided upon will greatly discount all that is promised by genius, industry, and goodness.

Some of you may have sluggish blood or a slow mental reaction which will not permit you to be off with the first pressure upon the starter, but this is not the same as being without a commencer. You may simply require a little more time to decide the course

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of action and still be unhesitating; the real loss comes when you distrust your power to reach a conclusion and allow action to wait until to-morrow. A muddling of facts and the inability to throw away what is irrelevant produce a wavering judgment which inhibits the will and keeps one turning in a circle.

In most of us there is an unsuspected degree of timidity, even amounting to fear. There is a lack of quiet confidence in ourselves to achieve the thing which waits upon our doing it; or we are unwilling to accept responsibility and think that thereby we have been absolved from it. A timidity which keeps the brakes set is fatal to achievement and must be overcome by a frank self-acknowledgment of the weakness, accompanied by remedial measures. As college-trained men and women, you ought to be able, and as a matter of fact you are or will be able, to turn your hand to many things; and you will be doing what is perfectly wise by secretly reminding yourselves of this vital truth.

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A university graduate not long ago told me that on one occasion he was in desperate need to earn money and the only opportunity open was that of serving as night cook in a restaurant. He had never cooked a meal in his life, but when the manager asked him if he could cook he replied that he was sure he could cook. Brought before the chef, he persuaded the man to take him on trial for three nights. His experiences were many and interesting, and possibly those of the patrons were dubious, but he soon became one of the best cooks ever known to the establishment. A college education pays! The man is not a cook now; that was a temporary expedient, but it shows what a person can do who has the snap and self-confidence that compel circumstances to serve him; rather does it reveal the ability of a trained mind to adapt itself to conditions which were not contemplated in the training. And, after all, the unfailing worth of work in a liberal arts college is flexibility, insight, and mastery of resources.

There are persons in whom faint-hearted-

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ness is so rooted that they must be continually encouraged if they are to hold steadily to a task; they require exhortation and rose water. I suppose there is not enough encouragement given to most people; the world is rather too busy to be verbally kind, and it is a delicate matter to distinguish between deserved praise and flattery. But even if the uplifting word is not given, a man should not consequently shrink into a living apology or withdraw from his work. If one depends on fine words and incense, there will come a time when friends are absent and there is none to serve as a commencer. It is a condition to be recognized and overcome; and again I say you must learn to encourage yourself: talk charmingly about what you can do (always to yourself, remember) and realize that what others have done you can do.

Another deterrent to successful action is the failure to perceive what ought to be done. We are in the midst of countless opportunities and some persons are not able to discern any of them. All of us are sur-

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rounded by thousands of untamed or disarranged forces awaiting the word and the deed of the knowing man. You will recall the story that gave the cue for Russell Conwell's great lecture, the story of the man who sold his farm to go in search of an opportunity and of the purchaser who discovered that the acres were filled with diamonds. There are diamonds around all of us if we would be at pains to find them; and I would counsel you sedulously to cultivate the habit of making discoveries. The surface of things is protective and just beneath it are the treasures. They are not for the thoughtless and indifferent, but are reserved for those who are alive mentally. It is of no avail to look and not see, to hear and not understand. If college is to have a real meaning, it will be because you are investigating, analyzing, thinking for yourself, and constructively.

An illustration will show what I mean. Everyone knows that cold air is heavier than warm air, but it remained for Mr. Bell, the inventor, to pipe the cold air of the kitchen

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refrigerator to his study in the basement where he was comfortable while others sweltered in the summer heat. He made use of what he knew; and the least of us can deliberately learn to tie fact to fact to our high advantage. An isolated fact is of no value, and a student never becomes wise who simply learns facts. A fact must be applied, and real learning consists in establishing the widest practical relationships between the things you know. Observe and think now; cultivate a mentality which actually lays hold of an opportunity. He who cannot grasp a situation or who waits until to-morrow merely floats in the current of the commonplace. A raft floats; a power tug pushes matter into a useful place.

If an automobile without a commencer impels an Indian to scrap it, humanity has an inevitable tendency to send a man to the scrapheap who is himself not provided with a commencer.

A PAYING JOB

LAST night I read the brief obituary of a minister whose name would not be recognized by anyone here. The busy world will take little note nor long remember his career. A year ago tuberculosis obliged him to retire from active work and last month he was buried in a country cemetery in Maryland. Only his friends would be interested in the notice of his death, except for two lines which touch the heart and awaken the imagination of any normal person. The simple story says, "For more than twenty years he has worked hard in a difficult field, with the love and the respect of his people." All his life he was a poor man, compelled a thousand times to forego the satisfaction of ordinary needs. He had a family who shared his poverty, and his greatest disappointment came from the inability to do for them what he desired; but they loved and honored him, and his children are asking no more than to be his equal.

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I wonder what unaccountable wellspring of determination there is in a man which holds him steadfast through the long years in performing a hard and seemingly unrequited task. Do not say that he was unfitted to do anything else. Do not think that necessity alone accounts for men continuing to do what most of us would consider cruelly difficult. I know better. You know better. God has created man with a sense of the heroic; man wants to overcome, to fight, to struggle. Why could England find no volunteers to guard her coast and yet secure a million to go overseas to the sepulcher in Flanders? Why were the American millions eager to challenge death in the trenches of France? There is a quality within which makes man seek the difficult field; and in some souls that quality becomes a controlling motive which lasts through all the days. We are mystified as we think of man only when we fail to understand him.

Follow the career of this minister who worked hard in difficult fields and try to understand him; but do not pity him. I know

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the starved villages and countrysides in which he served. He may not have preached with eloquence, yet he must have proclaimed a good and true message in order to win the love and respect of his people. He gave wealth to many, a wealth which their souls needed and which their hands could not win. It was he who came with unseen gifts to happy homes and to homes in sorrow. It was he who brought a sweet quality to their joy and a strength of brooding comfort in the time of grief. He drove over the red clay roads intent only to do good; and he must have had the assurance of just reward. He must have known the taste of victory over ignorance and evil and human weakness. He lived long enough to see children grow to manhood in whom there was something of himself. As we analyze the career of this unknown man I am confident we shall find a light reflected upon those impulses which are common to the race.

A deliberate man demands two things of his task: that it shall be hard and that it shall offer a satisfying recompense. He de-

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sires to overcome obstacles, and no person is contented who does not have the daily experience of achievement. He wants to feel that he is meeting a foe worthy of his best manhood; and he asks that the task committed to him shall be a challenge to all the strength he can summon. Unless there be that call, unless there be the necessity for him to bring out all the reserves which he can command, he is disappointed; and by and by the deadening commonplace will so tincture his better self as to destroy initiative and virility. The tang of vivid joy does not dwell with him who languorously beats the air: it awaits him who fights valiantly in a valiant cause.

The second quality of a proper work is the feeling of achievement. A man wants a vocation that permits him to grow by reason of what he does. The lack of it is the curse of mechanical production—this that says to upwelling potentiality, "Go back and be uncreative." Growth is, of course, the principal and acknowledged aim during the period of one's formal education; but when

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that time is past the major objective is not one's own development so much as the gaining of something else. It may be money or distinction or service, or a union of the three; or even more elements may combine to be the real end of life. Man's daily food is found in the accomplishment of a purpose. If he stops to think he will know that only thus can he save his life.

This minister, traveling the red clay roads of Maryland, must have been conscious of a growing inner wealth. As a Christian, he would inquire of his spirit if it constantly became sweeter and richer and finer. He would also ask that the words he spoke and the acts he performed should have a fruitful response in the lives which they affected. Unless he could see that these objectives were being realized, he would degenerate into a parasite or refuse to work in that field.

The life of the unknown preacher may make no strong appeal to you who are seeking to determine the vocation for which you were born; but I am persuaded that what held him joyously steadfast to a hard task

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should be the heart of your work, whatever form it may take. You perhaps think you want an easy job with large material returns. That is because you hear the clamor of the street and are led to believe that these externals are the real fruit of life. It is not so. Happiness, abiding satisfaction, the comforting rewards are far below the surface. They must be found in your own soul. They will be found there if a great task summons you and you accept it. When you bring to your work such measure of fidelity and skill that a just cause is advanced, you can go in the strength of that consciousness over mountains and through wildernesses, and be content with the song to the very end of your days. "He worked hard in difficult fields, having the love and the respect of his people."

Duty is a rugged master, but she pays well. There is an assurance that he who does his duty is making a contribution to the ages and he who goes about it with resolution can hear his footfalls echoing beyond the stars. He is doing something which will

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never need to be undone; he is adding to the permanent wealth of the world and his life is in praise of the great spiritual imperatives which are to be the redemptive forces of mankind.

THE CROOKED STREAM

Not far from here is a little stream which is as tortuous in its course, as crooked in its way of going as a stream possibly can be. It forms the letter S and makes the figure 8. It zigzags back and forth, doubles upon itself, cuts up the meadow, moves leisurely, composedly, indifferently and at last passes into the forest from which it came.

I know why the brook is crooked, why it is destroying the meadow, why it takes half a mile for a course that could be completed in a fourth of the distance. It is following the line of least resistance. It is a thing of circumstances and not of intelligence. To pursue the line of least resistance makes a stream and a man crooked. When a man follows the line of least resistance he is guided by circumstances and not by reason. He moves on until something blocks his course; he turns aside to avoid it and takes the new path until another obstacle arises to

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point him in a still different direction. Human failures are of that type. They litter the landscape everywhere. Lowell saw them and said, "Where one man shapes his life by precept and example, there are a thousand who have it shaped for them by impulse and circumstances." They have the ability and capacity to achieve, but because of temperamental inertness they wander from interest to interest, changing ambitions and purposes until the final curtain falls and they end but a short distance from their starting point.

The Creator endows the beasts with guiding instincts. A dog's tongue is his clinical thermometer and a cow does not need a weather bureau to tell it of approaching storms. Animals are saved by their instincts, but when men rely on instinct they slip back in the scale. God has supplemented man's endowment with reason; and its highest use is to enable man to know what to do and how to do it. If he does not obey intelligence, he will be dependent upon impulse, and impulse has no plan or goal. A man without a purpose is a corkscrew stream.

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Having no purpose, he has the actual purpose of following the course of fewest oppositions. If the crooked brook had used intelligence, it could have plowed a straight course through the meadow and reached its goal with rippling ease. The man with clear purpose and backbone is already near his objective; a genius who has them not is out of the race. "Coleridge is dead," said Charles Lamb, "and is said to have left behind him above forty thousand treatises on metaphysics and divinity—not one of them complete!"

The stream wandering through the meadow was also provokingly slow. Had it followed a direct line, its fall in an eighth of a mile would have equaled what it had in the half mile. Its momentum would have scattered stagnant scum and put health into dead pools. The meandering man accumulates scum. He has not enough energy to clean out the festering waters. He does not disturb the frogs and insects which gather where there is no current. If, like Paul, he should say, "This one thing I do," he could

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go forward with enthusiasm, sweeping away obstacles and culture places of disease.

Men are so constituted that their well-being is secured only by contesting. The Indian is right in his superstitious conception that the man who fights secures for himself the strength of the enemy whom he overcomes. He who is so protected that he does not struggle may exist, but he is dead. Protection is good for a weak person: it saves him from destruction; but protection is destruction to the strong. If you can tell whether you are weak or strong, you may know whether protection will save or destroy you. Great people command greatness by virtue of their determination to overcome.

Some of you are obliged to work for your living while in college. You believe that poverty is a curse and are persuaded that if you had nothing to do but to study your grades would amaze the professors. A poverty which cripples and cannot be overcome is harmful, but a poverty which requires a healthy young man to use his resources of initiative and industry and economy is a bless-

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ing. If you are fighting your way through school, without the loss of health and with average marks, you have reason to be devoutly thankful. Something is entering your soul that will unflinching serve you until the last day. The potential reserves are being called into the regular line; your embryonic powers are being developed to a fullness which will save you from being the fraction of a man. I do not pity the student who works his way through college: I lift up a shout and do not shed a tear; he is getting something of infinite value which can be secured in no other way. Such a student usually knows where he is going and pushes toward the mark of his prize. He does not meander. He does not dodge the hard task. He has no time for the leisurely, crooked course.

The student who always has money at his command and is not required to practice fortitude and self-denial may do so from choice. He often does, but he misses the skill of contriving to earn; and the fruit which does not contain drops of his own blood is not quite

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so sweet. "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness." He is tempted to be a puttering stream because he has leisure and it is to the high credit of many who are here that you refuse to be diverted from straightforward progress.

I have many times wondered what Christ was meaning when he said to the young man whom he so highly approved, "One thing thou lackest: . . . sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor . . . and come . . . and follow me." Was the act to be simply the evidence of the youth's complete devotion to Jesus? Maybe there was nothing more intended, but I think Christ was telling him that his wealth protected him too much. "Your money enables you too securely to be satisfied and complacent. Sell everything; strip yourself and go forth to fight. Being compelled to fight, you will gather strength and be a worthy follower of mine." Maybe our Lord meant that. At any rate, it is a gospel written in your life and mine.

High achievement comes not by follow-

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ing the line of least resistance. Slow-moving water does not turn the wheel. An indifferent, meandering student usually goes out by the end of a semester and at the place where he came in.

STEALING FIRST BASE

"You can't steal first base," remarks Eddy Collins of the White Sox. Though this oracular statement comes from a professional baseball player and a graduate of Columbia University, it does not, at first, seem very illuminating. He could also have said that we cannot play tennis with a football or saw wood with an automobile tire. Any sand-lot urchin knows that a player cannot steal first base: he must make a safe hit, get a base on balls or be struck by a wild throw.

Yet if you analyze it, the statement of Mr. Collins holds a profound meaning and a bit of practical philosophy which is difficult to observe. The propensity to steal first base is as common to youth as love and as prevalent with age as any other folly: it is an affliction of the race. Let me illustrate.

Last week I received a letter from a man approaching twenty-two years, stating that

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he expected to receive a baccalaureate degree next June and it was his wish to teach in a college of standing. He was informed that Willamette University had no school of commerce. He desired to organize such a school, serving as dean, and he would guarantee its success. It looks to me as if he were trying to steal first base.

No; it cannot be done; the definite rules of the game forbid it. And it is an unwritten rule, equally inexorable, that a man is not considered for a major league until he has served a successful apprenticeship in lesser leagues. As a result of experience, it is decreed that spurs are to be won; not given or appropriated. That is the reason you are in college. Why should a person go to college if without training he can take an important position and precociously go round the bases from promotion to promotion?

To be sure, a bit of luck is possible: after a man has gained the right to bat he may be passed on balls or the pitcher may hit him. But no player stakes his career on chance

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and no youth setting out to win in the long reaches ever gives hostages to luck. Whether we agree with it or not, the world is organized on a thorough commitment to honesty, on the principle of cause and effect. Things do not happen without adequate cause; if you wish to reach first base, you yourself must be the sufficient cause for getting there.

A man cannot steal anything; if he takes what he has not earned, he nevertheless must pay for it. A student who cheats in an examination or defrauds his work may think he is securing something for nothing. He is not: he immediately commences to compensate with the most precious coin he has, and if sharp practices be continued he ends in the tragedy of utter bankruptcy. Any person who does less than he ought makes requital out of his inner treasury.

In contrast to the young man who wanted to walk to first base, De Tocqueville comes to mind. Having a French peer for a father and a mother of social and political influence, he found himself appointed at the age of twenty-one to be the Judge Auditor of Ver-

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sailles. Wiser than his parents, he resigned from the position, for he had neither earned it nor had he the ability to administer it. Resolved to stand upon his own feet, he put off to America to win a place among strangers by his own efforts. No gift of prophecy is required to foretell the career of such a man.

One of the candidates for the Vice-Presidency of the United States in 1900 made an unusual record for physical endurance and convincing public speech. For many weeks he spoke with conciseness, learning, and effectiveness ten or more times a day. He was on first base, ready for second, third, and the plate. But he had won first base by years of preparation and training. Born with a weak constitution, he rigorously began to build up a robust body, devoting himself to exercise, outdoor labor and selected diet. At the same time he mastered books, wrote much and spoke in public at every opportunity—a sand-lot apprentice, getting ready for a major league. When Theodore Roosevelt came to bat he was amazingly fit

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in body and intellect, fully able to play his part in the game, asking odds from no one.

The college graduate especially is criticized for trying to steal first base. This is to be expected, for he is fair game for the caricaturist and unknowing as well as for the constructive critic: he makes "good copy" for any kind of periodical, even for those he publishes himself. Many honest people think of him as lazy, conceited, impractical, wicked, untrained, prodigal; and some college men are. These terms will probably be applied to you; but for your comfort, let it be known that colleges are still crowded and the graduate still heads the world's enterprises. As a by-product while you are securing a formal education, you can render a valuable service to society by making such criticisms, so far as you are concerned, wholly without factual foundation.

To be sure, the graduate is an achieving person, for he has had more than the usual training in the art of thinking, and thought always precedes deliberate and constructive

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action. Problems in any field are first of all problems for the brain; afterward comes the hand which makes the machine or the voice which declares the way.

The president of the Marshall Field corporation says he is glad to employ college men. No favors are shown them; they commence at the bottom with other men, but they are expected to master their work more readily and efficiently than the untrained. Experience has justified this expectation. And Dean Donham is authority for the statement that an average of eight positions with going concerns of importance is offered to every graduate of the Harvard School of Business Administration.

But you can't steal first base, nor can you steal any other promotion: the immutable law is that a man always pays, always pays for what he gets. If he gets by honest ability and service, he gains; if he gets by fraud and pretense, he loses.

The value of a few great principles inexorably fixed in one's life is incalculable. Lincoln was wont to say that from his

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mother he learned to be honest, to be truthful, to be pure, to be just; and upon those four corner stones he builded "the little structure" of his career. "Little structure?" Why, upon foundations such as these a man may build a habitation that will reach the skies. These corners are the adamantine constants rooted in eternity. Eddy Collins picturesquely speaks of one of them. Write it in your notebook; burn it into your life.

SHOULD I GO TO COLLEGE?

THIS question is important for the reason that a college offers valuable opportunities to a large group of our population. The passion of the American people, next to that for making a living, is for education. No country in any age has so strongly supported public and private schools and no people have in such numbers approved and attended them. That the interest is general may be seen in the prominence given to all phases of education in the press, in addresses and wherever there is a gathering to consider social welfare. A youth does well to give serious attention to anything which is so universally commended.

These statements, however, do not answer the question, "Should I go to college?" Now that you are in college it would appear too late to make the inquiry; but it is not too late to rectify the error if you are entering upon a course which should not be continued.

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I suggest that you apply some tests in trying to determine whether you are fitted for higher education.

There are two classes who certainly have no place in an institution of higher learning. If a person has no genuine desire for education and is rather certain that he cannot or will not acquire that desire, a college course will be of no profit to him. The fact that you are in college, however, lends credibility to the belief that you have an interest in further formal training. Yet, if you found high-school work sheer drudgery and were obliged to drive yourself even to do it poorly, the answer points the other way. Still I hesitate to think you should render the negative decision without giving yourself a sincere trial. It is possible for a youth to go through high school in a perfunctory manner and fail to discover his most dynamic resources. He may have been digging in the wrong place and just missing the pay-dirt which lies near to where he struck the pick. But if he is sure he cannot have a passion for learning, and is rather deter-

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mined that he will not have it, the honest thing is to get out of college quickly and take up an activity which does make its appeal. There is no reason why he should clutter up the campus and keep someone away who wants to be here; there is an immense reason why he should not waste time and make progress backward.

Another group who should not go to college is composed of those whose habits would prevent a successful college career. A person who is lazy and is contented to remain so is out of place upon a campus. Students need to be marching forward with a firm and rapid step; you are a poor sort if you loiter in the march. In order to do efficient work and to make the four years significantly profitable, the student should be unhindered in controlling and directing all of his resources intensely toward the definite objective of self-development. If you go to college merely for the so-called good time and indulge in evil habits, you are simply adding momentum to nothingness. Drink, impurity, or just dawdling will cut the finest fiber

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God ever put into a man. Of course such a person is of little use anywhere and assuredly he can have no claim whatever upon a college. You ought to think enough of yourself even to taboo smoking: why carry rocks in your pocket when you are in a race to win? Let advertisements and addicts say what they will, smoking does dull the keen edge of efficiency and often is enough to shut a man out of his kingdom. The years here ought to be a great, thrilling and complete commitment of every aspiration and energy toward making life strong, satisfying, and serviceable.

Should you be able to pass these two tests, I think you should attend college; and here are some reasons for my belief. If you keep these reasons in mind they will serve as an encouragement upon dull days when you seem to see nothing but blue devils.

A person who is well trained acquires a faith in himself and in his mission; he lives under the strong impulse of great ideas and moves toward the achievement of wholesome ideals. To have faith founded upon the in-

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dubitable evidence of your own ability is a great asset and worth going far to find.

Moreover, your satisfactions in life will be fine and wholesome, stimulating and untiring. You will feel as Robert Louis Stevenson did about his work when he thanked God that he had a chance to earn his daily bread upon such joyful terms. Anyone who depends for his satisfactions on things which we denominate material is doomed to a sad disillusionment; but he who can appreciate great thoughts can never be poor or lonesome.

The college-trained man will probably hear the call to some vocation which is more than a "job." A work which does not demand increasing effort and daily encourage one to produce greater results dulls one's mentality and blots out the thrill of enlarging achievement. You, however, ought to welcome the appeal of some great life-work which you finally discover and which discovers you.

A good college can equip you for moral and spiritual leadership, indispensable re-

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quirements in every walk of life. Those qualities which we denominate "character qualities" are, after all, what the world demands. So speak financiers, statesmen, employers—everyone who has in him any blood of the prophet or seer or hard-headed appraiser of the present.

A thorough training vastly increases a man's ability to succeed in his work. Statistics show that a college man can multiply himself any number of times by reason of his higher education. Doctor Simeon was wont to say when he saw a college graduate approaching, "Here comes three hundred men." It seems to me a mighty fine thing when a man can increase his power three hundred times and he is immensely foolish who does not eagerly strive for it. Modern transportation became possible when engines could be made that weigh only a few pounds for each horse-power of energy delivered. Were we limited to the engines of a century ago, the automobile and the aeroplane would be impossibilities. Whenever a man increases his capacity to deliver wisely directed

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energy, he presses back the horizon and lets light in.

A college man will make more money and do it more consistently than if he were not so trained. Those who have a flair for figures say that a student is in reality paying himself at least a hundred dollars a day in future warrants while he is in school. The big thing though is that he not only makes more money, but he gains the quality which will permit him to enjoy it. One of the most pitiable creatures in the world is the man who has money and nothing on the inside that corresponds to it. He is like a hungry man with food which he cannot digest.

A college training enriches one's life by relating one to the great minds and truths of other generations and of the present. You are obliged to live much with yourself, and it is glorious to have these silent but noble companions who fellowship with your soul. If you like good company, here is an opportunity to have it; if you believe other people prefer good company, here is an opportunity for you to be good company. Another lan-

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guage opens another world; every science becomes a revelation; history lights a guiding lamp; philosophy charts the course of thought—all knowledge is enrichment.

Finally your college friendships will be with cultured and ambitious people; they will be delightful, enduring and valuable. Such friendships are generally free from selfishness, prejudice, or necessity; they are the spontaneous mingling of souls who appreciate one another for what they are. A bond will hold you together though seas or continents intervene. Do not undervalue the friendships now being made, knowing that they are the finest you will ever have. And your association with fellow students and alumni will open opportunities which are higher and more durable than those available to one having a different sort of training. Without being priggish one may properly seek to qualify for the companionship of the best rather than to be contented with that of persons who live in another sphere.

If, therefore, you find that you are quali-

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fied by ability, resolute purpose, and personal habits to be in college, do yourself a measureless service by keeping constantly before you the vision of what higher education is intended to do. That vision ought to stir you immensely and make you toil tremendously to achieve the full measure of these glorious objectives.

But do not think of college as an alchemist or prestidigitator; it cannot change a clod into a lily or take rabbits out of an empty hat. A college is simply a place where a student finds tools and some experienced persons to guide him in using them. If there is to be any progress, it will be made by him; any development will be in him and by him. A student who fixes this fact in his mind and stays by it is bound to grow. I have seen him grow year after year; he knows where he is going and counts on his own resources to get him there.

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FEW questions ever arise which are of more importance than this. The college which you attend will literally and truly make you what you are to be thereafter. It will largely give you the thought-content which will be used throughout life and will furnish the methods of your thinking; it will create and shape ambition, marking it with quality and intensity; it will almost certainly fix your habits and determine for all time what your character is to be. The college writes with a sharp instrument and indelibly.

Any person who thinks about it will see how momentously significant the choice of a college is; yet few parents or students give it more than a fraction of the consideration it deserves. For example, ask yourself how you decided upon your college. Was the decision based upon well-appraised facts and deliberate judgment? Can you satisfactorily defend that judgment in the court of

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reason? You are wiser than many students if you can do so.

Probably most students choose their college because it is conveniently situated, some friend is there, its fraternities are inviting, its athletes are notable, its social life is prominent, it has many buildings, its enrollment is enormous, its curriculum is extensive, it is expensive or it is inexpensive. All of these factors are worthy of consideration, but not one of them is the indubitable mark of a good college; each will make its contribution to the student's life, yet none hits the center of the target.

What you are and what you wish to be should enter into your choice of a college; therefore I do not know what particular school is best for you. But there are some things which every higher educational institution should possess if it deserves to receive the commitment of a student's life.

1. It should have buildings, laboratories, and libraries fully adequate for all the work it offers. The extension of knowledge in the past generation, particularly in the fields of

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natural science, requires vastly greater facilities for study and research than ever before. Laboratories and libraries must be kept to a high standard of equipment, demanding the expenditure of large sums of money. No student should allow himself to work with insufficient or poor tools; and a school which permits it is shamefully unjust to youth and to society.

2. It should have instructors who thoroughly know their subjects and who know how to teach them. If they are not capable in both essentials, they will fool and fumble with your mind and graduate you with only a fraction of what you should have. That vague yet real something called personality should not be overlooked. There are professors learned in their subjects and correct in teaching technique who nevertheless are as dry and impervious as a nut: they lack virility, spontaneity, sympathy, humor, common sense. He was not unwise who said, "Pick your teacher, not the subject." Men who have become great speak less of what they studied than they do of Arnold, Agassiz,

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George Wythe, Mentor Graham, Winchester, Williams, James, Briggs. There can be no great schools without great teachers.

3. It should have only professors who are Christian, for the reason that religious integrity is the warp of life, giving it strength, endurance, and value. Gain wealth, learning, honor—they are unstable as water, unsatisfying as fruits of Hesperides unless there be character. And character reaches stability, beauty, and power when rooted in religion. You may not be a professing Christian, but you believe in goodness and know its worth. It is better to have it come freely and naturally than for you to be under instructors whose influence may oblige you to fight to retain the goodness you already have. It is utter folly to spend four intensely acquisitive years in an atmosphere which does not encourage the development of the spirit life. A man who breathes the malaria of the swamp becomes infected; why should he stay there when he may have the ozone of mountain altitudes! The so-called emancipated mind of the advanced thinker is

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often nothing but emancipation. Students do well to expose themselves to the contagion of exalted characters.

4. The college should have a student body which is virile, clean, wholesome, happy, and enthusiastic. The students should have high ideals, earnestness, industry, and a democratic spirit. What they are you will tend to become. They are to be your friends, quiet but powerful influences to transform. It has been said that sixty per cent of what one learns in college comes from one's fellow students. In selecting a college, consider whether the students are of the kind you wish to be.

5. Your college should be fully standardized. There is a reason if it is not and you should not pay for that reason. A well-written catalogue may be appealingly persuasive, but there is no possible substitute for material and instructional equipment. The crimes against youth committed in the name of education by pretentious colleges are beyond being numbered. Undoubtedly much excellent instruction is offered by unstand-

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ardized institutions, but the average is certainly not so high as in the accepted schools. And there are losses and embarrassments when one's credits are not everywhere accepted at par; loyalty to community or to denomination does not justify the sacrifice: a higher loyalty refuses it.

6. A college has an individuality, the product of its traditions, standards, methods, objectives, and spirit. It is subtle, pervasive, influential, yet not easy to perceive. It is reflected in faculty, students, and alumni—something to be felt like gravitation. Slipshod requirements in scholarship and conduct, uncertain methods and confused objectives cloud the campus atmosphere; careless, cynical, loafing students create a tendency; religious indifference and a supercilious intellectuality are a malefic spell. A student needs wholesomeness in his college if he himself is to develop a wholesome body, mind, and soul. Should he not find it in his school, his duty to himself is clear.

7. Choose a college with an honorable history and with a large body of successful

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alumni. Fine and beautiful traditions stimulate loyalty, and loyalty encourages one to do good work. Alumni are bound together by the ties of a common origin, by association and mutual helpfulness. Do not underestimate the value of belonging to a strong body of achieving men and women: it is life-long benefit and joy.

8. For most students, I believe a small college to be the best, especially for their first two or three years. Briefly stated, the reasons for this belief are: (a) The transition from living at home to a more self-directed life is not so great and the process of orientation is better accomplished. (b) Most of the student's work will be with department heads or full professors and not with young and inexperienced instructors. (c) Classes are usually smaller and the student receives more attention. He also knows that his preparation will be tested daily—a rather strong and constant incentive to get ready for it. (d) The student becomes personally acquainted with the professors. If they are not very much worth

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knowing, the school is not worth attending. (*e*) The student soon knows practically everyone upon the campus; many of the friendships are ennobling and of life-long duration. "A friend is worth all hazards we can run." (*f*) The small college has almost as many student enterprises as the large institution, and a student in the former has more opportunities for responsibilities, honors, and the development of leadership. (*g*) In scholarship and in social affairs a student cannot lose himself in the crowd: he always counts and is expected to measure up to the standards. (*h*) As might be reasonably supposed, the small college has a higher proportion of successful graduates than the large institution.

Somewhere there is a school for every student which is better for him than any other. He cannot tell with inexorable certainty which it is, but he can with certainty avoid gross mistake. He can painstakingly investigate; he can apply standards and use judgment. The issue is great enough to call forth the final resource; and when the stu-

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dent has found the school which is best for him, he should attend it though it be at the other side of the continent.

In contrast to the usual method, or lack of method, in selecting a college, I commend the example of a father who called at the office of a college president several years ago and informed him that he had a son ready for college and other children that would follow in due course. He had already visited six colleges, spending a day or longer with each in seeking to find the best school. He asked the privilege of visiting classes, talking to teachers and students, inspecting the library and laboratories without a guide. That was a wise father, a far-seeing, sensible father because he gave time and thought to discover the college which was to place its inerasable mark upon his children. So should everyone who seeks a higher education ponder and study well the problem of choosing the institution which is to be the trustee of his life.

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